THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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HOLY ARRAN.

The Lonely Refuge of Nearly all the Famous Irish Saints and Scholars.

Interesting Remembrances of the Time when Men Preferred God to Gold.

Though little is known of the life of St. Brecain, the islanders hold his memory in great reverence, and have many traditions connected with his name. I was told by one who has often seen what he spoke of, that when an exile is about to quit the island he will go pass the night in St. Brecain's bed, because he is then certain of coming back again, were it only to die—only to have a last glance at his beloved Aranmor, and there close his eyes. Another legend is connected with a curious stone which the natives used to point out on the way between the Seven Churches and Killeany; the stone has now disappeared, but it had marks of human feet distinctly imprinted upon it. It so happened that when St. Brecain had fixed his monastery in the western end, as desired by St. Enda, a dispute arose between the monks of the two monasteries as to the boundaries of their domains, and the two saints agreed to settle the matter in this way: St. Enda and his disciples and St. Brecain with his brethren were to set out leisurely at break of day, each from his end of the island, and where the two met there was to be the boundary. In the morning, while Enda was yet saying mass, one of his monks, who had gone to the hill top to his work, saw that St. Brecain's followers had not waited, but had set out before the sun was above the sea and were already half way towards Killeany. Then St. Enda felt anger that an advantage had been taken of him, and he prayed that Brecain might not be permitted to proceed further; whereupon the latter found themselves unable to continue their way, nor could they move from the spot until St. Enda came up and released them. And where St. Brecain stood became the boundary, marked by his feet upon the rock which lies to this day underneath the roadway.

St. Jarlath of Tuam, St. Kevin of Glendalough, St. Finnian of Clonard, were among the host of saints who shared the beautiful life of mingled prayer, study, and outdoor labor upon the island: "Lives full of sunny hope and true happiness. That desert island was a paradise for those

CHILDREN OF GOD;

its arid rocks were to them as a garden of delights; the sunlight on its summer seas was a picture for them of heavenly joys; and the roar of its wintry billows reminded them of the power and of the wrath of God. So they passed their blameless lives, living only for God, and waiting, not in fear, but in hope, for the happy hour when their heavenly Father would call them home." (Most Rev. Dr. Healy's "Ireland's Schools and Scholars.")

It can scarcely be doubted that the saints mingled with, attracted to themselves, and instructed in their schools those pagan people whom Enda found on Arran, whom he and his disciples converted, teaching them those gentle, thoughtful ways that still distinguish their descendants. How otherwise could the traditions, the names of churches and monasteries and saints, have been guarded and handed down among a people who had no recourse to ancient MSS. and but little intercourse with the world of letters, unless they are the children of those who lived in Enda's time, who witnessed the lives of the saints who walked among them, and who handed down from father to son, not alone traditions, but the very virtues learned from those men of God?

With one little legend I will leave the saints of early days. I have spoken of the marvellous luxuriance and beauty of the flowers that spring from every crevice of the rocks. One day, wondering over their variety, I wandered up a by-road which brought me to Tubber Dubh a well clear as crystal, and so graced by flowers and ferns and curtained over by climbing vines that I thought it almost the loveliest thing I had seen in this land of surprise, and I sat beside it, to enjoy its silvery trickle that sounded sweet and distinct through the rush of the ocean's voice, likewise to improve my acquaintance with an old woman who had toiled painfully to the well and was resting on the stones above.

"Lovely flowers!" she said, in answer to a remark of mine, "aye, sure, asthore, it's little wonder the flowers of Arran should be sweet and that there should be a multitude of them. For I heard, when I was young, that in St. Eny's days, when there was no counting the saints upon our land, they were so holy that where they laid their hands there sprang forth flowers; where their feet rested, healing plants spread over the unbroken stones, and, as they passed over broken rocks, everywhere that the very dust from their shoes fell between the crags, there grew the fresh green sprays you see below. All these are seeds from the virtues of the saints—always with us, to make our country the most beautiful in the world, and the healthiest too, for, along with the flowers, there's not a sickness in the universal world but a cure for it grows among the herbs of Arran. Glory be to God and his saints!"

Of the churches of Arran even the ruins of the greater number have disappeared, and there remain but the following:

Teampull Brecan, with its surrounding indications of monastery and enclosure, and its various interesting monuments, among which are five graves, side by side; two of these are larger than the rest and are supposed each to contain two bodies. They are marked by an upright stone, upon which, interlaced with a cross, is the inscription, in Roman letters,

"VII ROMANI"

(Seven Romans). There exists no tradition, no chronicle, which gives any clue as to who these Romans were who lie in the yet clearly-defined graves on this Irish rock, so far away from their native country. Nothing is known of them but that seven strangers wandered to this remote island, lived here, and, as each one came to die, kind hands laid each in turn beside his countrymen, with a poetic feeling that the strangers would be less lonely, even in death, if at rest together. Dr. Petrie considered that the inscript on upon the tomb dates from early in the sixth century, and it is certain that in the fifth and sixth centuries many pilgrims from distant lands came to Erin, flying from persecutions in Rome, Egypt, and many countries. Prof. O'Curry, in his "Manuscript Materials of Irish History," translates a passage from the Litany of Ængus Celie De (Ængus, the servant or follower of God): "Three times fifty canoes (full) of Roman pilgrims, who took up in Hi Mele——" This was in the time of St. Enda, so that we may suppose that some of these Romans sought sanctuary with the monks of the West.

"Other remains are those of Teampull Cairan; or the Church of the "Four Beautiful Saints," whose names are as unknown as are those of the seven Romans; the beautiful little church called Tempul-MacDuagh, which stands in Mr. Johnstone's grounds at Kilmurvey; and Teampull Benin. The seven churches at Killeany were destroyed, as I have said, to repair the fort near at hand; but farther, amid the drifting sands, are the walls of Teglach-Enda, standing among those graves "wherein none but saints were buried." Close by is the last resting-place of as sweet and holy a saint as those of old, one on whom seemed to have fallen the mantle of Benignus, "the sweet and benign of manner." Here sleeps one of the saints of the Arran of our own times—a native of her soil, a descendant of those early Irish to whom St. Enda brought the Gospel. His character has been drawn by a learned and gifted writer who was never so happy, never wrote so beautifully as when he painted our people. A Protestant and a Scotchman, but of a truly religious and just mind, Dr George Petrie brought a warm and really sympathetic heart among the Irish peasantry. He was gentle with them; he respected their religion and their feelings, and they repaid him with trust and affection; they allowed him to see them as they are, not as strangers and aliens in creed usually see them; thus it happened that Dr. Petrie came to love them in return, and I do not think anyone has ever written of our people more truly and more beautifully than he has.

Petrie's sketch of the character of the Arran Islanders has been so often quoted that highly as he speaks of them, I will not insert it here; but there are two other pictures drawn by him in Arran which perhaps excel anything else he has painted, either with pen or pencil. Both the originals

LIE BURIED ON THE ISLAND

where they were born and which was the home of their choice. One rests among the saints, under the white sands at Teglach-Enda. His portrait I will give first; it is from the "Life of Petrie," by Dr. William Stokes:

"In these trifling memorials of the Arran Islanders, it would be unjust to omit a notice of their venerable pastor. Father Francis O'Flaherty is a native of Arranmore, and received his education in a college in Spain. After spending a few years as curate in some part of Connaught, he was appointed parish priest of his native islands, whither he returned, never again to leave them, and has now been the unassisted teacher of his flock for upwards of forty years. The unremitting toils attendant on such a situation may be conceived; but the dangers with which they are here accompanied, and the courage necessary to meet them, can only be appreciated by a recollection of the singular and peculiar region to which his duties belonged—namely, a cluster of islands washed by the waves of the Atlantic, presenting in most places an iron bound coast, and separated from each other by rapid currents that never assume a tranquil appearance, and are seldom entirely free from danger. Courage is, indeed, a striking trait in the character of this venerable man, and is strongly marked on the lip and brows of his manly but toil worn and weather-beaten countenance—a face that a physiognomist would look at for hours with pleasure, so harmonious are its parts, so steady its expression of serious but mild thought and of manly firmness and simplicity. Of his virtues I need say but little, as they may be considered as appertaining almost of necessity to his station and professional habits. Let imagination fancy the qualities that should adorn the priest, and the ideal attributes will not be much unlike those that really belong to Father Francis O'Flaherty. But some of the peculiarities of his opinions respecting men and society deserve notice, not only as illustrative of the purity of his own mind, but as affording the surest testimony of the humble virtues of the simple people from whom his knowledge of mankind has been derived. Of these peculiarities the most remarkable is a too favorable idea of the excellence of human nature in general, an opinion that is clearly the result of an almost total ignorance of its vices. This leads to a scepticism that appears extraordinary in one of his understanding in matters told him that are at all opposed to such opinion, and an equally remarkable credulity regarding things that are not so. In fact, he will believe almost anything not impossible, because he cannot suppose anyone would be so base as to impose on him by an untruth; but with him it is beyond belief that vice or depravity can exist among mankind, except in rare and solitary instances. In illustration of this singular trait, I was told many interesting anecdotes, one of which I will venture to repeat.

"Some time since one of the islanders, being about to emigrate to America, applied to a stranger in the island for written instructions how to act in a world of which he had no experience, and which he had heard was different from his own. The request was complied with, and the instructions were such as the writer thought necessary to a simple and innocent mind entering into a state of society where it would be likely to meet many ready to take advantage of its artlessness and inexperience.

THE SIMPLE ARRANER,

affrighted at the dangers thus presented to his imagination, submitted the paper to Father Frank, that he might be assured whether they were real; the priest, on reading it indignantly tore the paper to pieces. 'Believe not,' said he, 'what this man says—he must be a bad man that would lead you to entertain so vile an opinion of mankind. Suspect no one. There are I fear, some bad men in the world, but I trust and believe they are few. But never suspect any man of being so without a perfectly sufficient reason.'

"Father Frank is poor. The unglazed windows of his humble cottage and the threadbare appearance of his antique garments bespeak a poverty beyond even that of most of his flock. He is, in fact, altogether destitute of the comforts that should belong to old age. This is not the fault of his parishioners, by whom he is ardently beloved. They would gladly lessen their own comforts to increase his, and have frequently tried to force on him a better provision which he has as often refused. 'What,' said he on a late occasion to Mr. O'Flaherty, who was remonstrating with him on this refusal—'what does a priest want more than subsistence? and that I have. Could I take anything from these poor people to procure me comforts which they require so much more themselves? No, no, Pat—say no more about it.'"

The extract in its entirety is too long to give here. Mr. Petrie describes his last visit to Father Frank. The aged soggarth was suffering from a severe cold, and looked so worn so broken down, by years and labor that Petrie won from him a promise to rest and care himself, and parted never expecting to see the good old man again. Pressed for time, Petrie visited the middle island in such a wild storm that it required all the skill of the Arran boatmen to make the passage, and the terrified traveler was landed on Inishmain from out the embrace of a huge wave. What was his astonishment to find that a sick call had brought the feeble and aged priest across through that terrible sea.

"We saw a number of men descending the cliffs towards the beach, among whom, to my great surprise we discerned the long-coated figure of Father Frank! Thus it was that he was nursing himself. 'He has come,' said Mr. O'Flaherty, 'to attend some sick person, and, no doubt, waits to return in our safer boat, as I told him we should be here.' And after holding as it appeared, a consultation with him for a few moments we saw the men carry down to the beach one of the coracles, and after one or two unsuccessful efforts of their united exertions to launch her fairly among the breakers, we saw her boldly contending with their turbulent fury. Sometimes the frail vessel would be altogether invisible, and again my alarm for its safety would be removed by its sudden reappearance, as she got clear of the breakers, and her course was more rapid and steady, making her way like

THE WILD SEA-BIRDS,

tossed about on the surface of the waves, now turned one way, now another, but still floating in all the security of a creature to whom these rough waters were but its natural element. By the time that we set out on our homeward voyage the weather had abated something of its severity. The old man, exhausted by the day's fatigue, and too feeble to bear the pitching of the boat, except in a lying posture, stretched himself on a small mattress in the cabin, where he lay for some time apparently slumbering—his limbs stretched his eyes closed, and his hands locked in each other and resting on his bosom, reminding me forcibly of the figures of some of those dying saints which the Italian painters have so often imagined. But though his body was at rest, his mind was not so; for, as I afterwards found, it was busily occupied with the welfare of his flock. He had received on the preceding evening, for the poor of the parish, thirty pounds of that money which the noble benevolence (?—thirty pounds to save three thousand starving people!—twopence-halfpenny apiece to support them through a whole winter!) of England had supplied to her suffering sister, and he was anxiously considering the best means of discharging the trust reposed in him."

The second portrait is that of an Arran gentleman, a direct descendant of the Princess of Iar (West) Connaught. It is a picture such as we might have and ought to have by thousands in our land; a picture such as should meet our sight on every side, but for the miserable policy of might above right—that policy by which the old heads of the Irish Clans, the ancient gentry of the land, were swept away, and their places filled by strangers, who, owing to differences in race and creed, and, perhaps, to the ever-present sense of wrong done to those around them, have, with some honorable exceptions, failed to understand the characters or to sympathize with the feelings of those among whom they dwell, and have even maintained a state of antagonism towards the people.

Dr. Petrie, who, in the summer of 1823, had been welcomed to the hospitable home of Mr. Patrick O'Flaherty in Arran, writes of that gentleman as follows:

"Would that I could convey to the mind of my reader even a faint outline of the character of our never-to-be-forgotten host! But as the most skillful artist finds beauty of form beyond his most laborious efforts to embody so the beauty of character seems equally difficult for language to describe.

"The deviations from symmetry, the irregularities of outline, may be accurately traced, and the peculiarities of character may be forcibly depicted; but beauty both of character and form, which is most impressive and delightful, arises altogether from a want of such characteristic features, and is produced by an harmonious concordance of a variety of contrasted parts, and such, though ever so deeply felt, is of all things

THE MOST DIFFICULT TO DESCRIBE.

Mr O'Flaherty is a native of Arran, and he has never been farther from his native rocks than to the city of Galway and adjacent coast of Thomond. Even such journeys have never been entirely voluntary; and so deeply does absence from home afflict him with melancholy, that he appears on those occasions a man of quite different character to those who have seen him among the loved scenes of his philosophic musings. He is curious to see Dublin, but he has felt the pains of homesickness so severely that he cannot trust himself upon a journey that would expose him so much to its severity.

"What, then, reader do you suppose such a man to be? A child, perhaps, or a rustic simpleton. A child he is in innocence and simplicity, but in wisdom and understanding he is most truly a man; nay, more, in manner and conduct a polished gentleman.

"Such is the unaffected grace of his politeness, the mild charm of his conversation, and the sincere warmth of his hospitality, that though uninvited strangers, we were but a few minutes in his house when we felt all the full freedom of enjoyment that could belong to our own firesides, with old congenial friends to share it. From such an abode we could feel no haste to depart; and it is to those circumstances, joined to the capability of our host to give information, and his kindness in procuring it, that the following pages owe their origin, as well as any value they may be found to possess.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A Remarkable Case.—Mr. Walter Wheeler, of the Washington Mills, Lawrence, Mass., for two years afflicted with varicose veins, accompanied by a troublesome eruption, was completely cured after taking only eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

An Ohio lady was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

LOI THE BRAVE INDIAN.

Famed for Daring and Generalship—No Men More Dauntless than the Warlike Tribes of the Northwest.

Prowess, Cunning, Patience and Strategy Have Made Them Formidable Foes.

[*Chicago Herald, Jan. 7.*]

Of all the warriors of the earth the American Indian is best adapted for skirmishing service. Brave, generally without rashness, cool in the moment of danger, an unrivalled horseman, a good shot when mounted and a deadly one when on foot, light, wily and agile, reading the country in which he may chance to fight as a scholar does a book, the remarkable American savage needs only the swarming numbers of his white enemy to make him more formidable to our government than ever was the Arab to the Frenchman or the Zulu to the Englishman. Frontier prejudice has ever depicted the Indian as a crawling, cowardly, treacherous brute, afraid to make open battle, and ever skulking behind some kind of barrier in the face of the valorous paleface. That there are tribes of Indians that combine timidity with cruelty is perhaps true enough, but that there are other tribes as brave as any white men that ever entered the field cannot be successfully denied. Few Indians have ever shown fear when brought face to face with death. They are conscious of the sparsity of numbers, and are taught to believe that it is a crime against Indian tactics to throw their lives away uselessly; but when exposure of their persons to danger is deemed necessary to insure success no race of men are more dauntless than the warlike tribes of the far Northwest.

When the famous war chief, Crazy Horse, was upbraided by an officer for allowing his men to take so freely to cover, the wily leader replied: "Indian no coward. Me fights his own way. Indian get killed—no other Indian come. White soldier get killed—a thousand white soldiers come in place. Indian not afraid, but he no fool." The military prudence of Crazy Horse cannot be gainsaid. He, in his own person, was bravery itself, but he knew the value of his men, and spared them from useless slaughter. A good many white commanders might profit by his example.

It is difficult to understand how the pretty generally conceived Caucasian idea of Indian cowardice came into existence. Braddock did not find the Indians cowards when he marched against Fort Duquesne; nor did our Gen. St. Clair when, in spite of the warning of Washington, he was surprised and defeated by them at the close of the last century. Gen. W. H. Harrison did not find them unworthy of his steel at Tippecanoe. The Everglades of Florida have witnessed the heroism of Osceola and his Seminoles. No historian has represented Black Hawk as being deficient in courage. In our own times, too, the red men have shown themselves anything but contemptible antagonists. Fetterman and Custer fell victims of their wild prowess. Crook was obliged to admit their daring at the Rosebud and Slim Buttes; while Gibbon, Miles and Merritt live to bear testimony to the prowess of the chivalric Nez Perces and stubborn Utes. The other day on Wounded Knee Creek the veteran Forsythe and the fighting Seventh Cavalry found that their red enemies had not degenerated since the day of the Little Big Horn, and the funeral notes of the American bugle peal today over the gallant victims of Uncapapa wrath.

CAN HARDLY BE CALLED MASSACRES.

It is customary with us when our army, or any portion of it, meets with disaster at Indian hands to describe the event as "a massacre." If the Indians were civilized beings the term might apply, but they are simply, for the most part, savages utterly untamed, who, when the dogs of war are unleashed, believe in killing all their enemies, as they expect to be killed themselves if they fall into hostile hands. Few American generals have hesitated to fire upon a hostile village while its inhabitants, men, women and children, were asleep and not anticipating attack, and in nearly all such cases the old and the young, the feeble and the strong suffered alike. The only difference between the white and the Indian mode of warfare is that the white man generally spares the lives of his male captives, and refrains from offering outrage to such females as may become his prisoners, whereas the Indian, in the moment of victory, spares neither man's life nor woman's honor. I believe the case of Chief Joseph is the only exception to this rule. That able and generous warrior is credited with having, in so far as he could, prevented outrages against person and property during his heroic march from Camas Prairie to the Bear Paw Mountains, where Gen. Miles proved himself a lion in his path.

Fetterman's disaster could hardly be called a massacre. He was commanded by his superior, Col. Carrington, not to follow the Indians beyond the bluffs east of Fort Phil Kearney. Carried away by a rash enthusiasm, he disobeyed the order and perished in the midst of overwhelming numbers. Custer's disaster was still less of a "massacre," because at the Washita, he intended to charge through and destroy the great Sioux village on the Little Big Horn, with the sad result over which women have wept and poets sung. In the affair on Wounded Knee, the Indians showed much more of apparent native treachery than they have exhibited for many years. Yet they could hardly have premeditated the butchery. They had agreed to surrender, and expected that capitulation would end the business. They are proud savages, and, as a matter of fact, have never been thoroughly whipped in the field. Detachments of them have been beaten, even annihilated, but the Sioux nation as a whole has never yet had its Waterloo.

A CHIVALROUS FORM OF TREACHERY.

The love of the Sioux for his horses and firearms is proverbial. He hates to be degraded to the character of a squaw. To lose his horse and his gun means to him a humiliation the most unbearable. Big Foot's band were willing to make a surrender in form—they would willingly give up a few old firearms in token of submission—but when it came to parting with their pet Winchesters there was an end of parleying. The white match was applied to the Sioux powder barrel, and it exploded with most fatal results to both parties. The action of the Sioux may have been treacherous, but it was a chivalrous form of treachery—a Spartanic treachery, in fact. They were confronted by at least four times their number of troops. Their village, containing their women and children and all their worldly wealth except their firearms, was covered by the Gatling guns and Hotchkiss cannon that also bent their deadly muzzles upon the fated warriors. One Sioux, more fiery than his fellows, felt the stinging insult of search and preferred revenge, even if it brought death, to degradation. There was a flash, a report, and the daring and terrible deed of dead Sitting Bull's chosen band passed into history, covered with blood and glory—but more particularly with blood. Scout Wallace and thirty troopers went to rejoin Custer beyond the eternal river, and the Gatlings and Hotchkisses sent many an Indian ghost to hobnob with the Prophet of the race on that great reservation where the paleface is unknown, and where the buffalo is never scarce. A poet has sung:

Manhood's proudest duty
Is to fight for manhood's faith,
And true courage has a beauty
That not even crime can scathe.

Looking at the Wounded Knee fight from the standpoint of sentiment it must be confessed that Big Foot and his comrades fought and died for what they believed to be their rights like gentlemen, and like native American gentlemen at that. The greatest obstacle in the way of Big Foot's immortality will be the great difficulty future poets may have in finding a rhyme for his most unpoetical name. In this respect the Sioux chief is more unfortunate than Byron's Amos Cottle. "Proebus! what a name!"

IN FEATHERS AND PAINT.

During the period when I rode on Indian campaigns with Crook and other famous commanders I had plenty of opportunity to study Indian methods of preparing for and going into battle. The Crows, the Shoshones, the Cheyennes, the Reesand even some of the Sioux—notoriously Hump and his band, who are now ghost dancers—accompanied us at different times, and there was a great similarity in the methods of all. At night, around the village fires, the buffalo side drum, or tom tom, would form the accompaniment to the universal "Ki-ki yi yi-ya" of the Indian "song," which varried in frequency and fierceness according to circumstances. Sometimes the savages would remain up all night, varying their singing with tales of their individual prowess, often supplemented by a display of scalps and other ghastly trophies, taken, or alleged to have been taken, in battle. Just at sunrise, if battle was imminent, either the medicine man or the "head soldier"—a kind of Indian adjutant—would harangue them at some length. While the squaws, a few of whom generally accompanied the war parties, would prepare breakfast the warriors would busy themselves in getting ready for the fray. The long locks would be replaited and crowned by the flaming war bonnet, or else tied up with either eagle, hawk, wild turkey or wild goose feathers, those of the eagle or hawk being preferred; ochre of different colors would be applied to the savage faces until the generally cinnamon colored braves looked like veritable devils. Breakfast devoured, the war ponies—the picked animals of the herd—were caught and painted also—a favorite tattoo being the imitation marks of bullets, done admirably in red ochre. As most of the ponies were white, gray or piebald, these ghastly marks showed plainly and suggestively enough. The manes and tails of the war horses were then plaited and tied up with gaudy ribbons.

PICTURESQUE SCENE IN CROOK'S EXPERIENCE.

Armed with their Winchesters or Henrys, and having spears, bows and quivers in reserve, the warriors would begin to ride out from camp in whatever direction the foe was expected. They did not ride out altogether by any means, but in groups of three, six, nine, twelve, fifteen, eighteen and so on, at almost regular intervals. Those in advance would cautiously scan the country in their front, leaving their animals behind the crest of every divide which they reconnoitered. If an enemy was observed they signaled their friends in the rear and all halted, concealing themselves in or behind whatever inequalities of the ground the country might present. The enemy was permitted to proceed, and soon became engaged with the advanced videttes. If he was strong and impetuous the videttes fell back, and kept falling back until all their reserves were brought into action by degrees. Then, if they outnumbered the advancing foe, woe unto him. Hostiles would seem to start from the very ground. Saddles and leggings would be discarded, and, destitute of everything but their firearms, their "clouts," their moccasins, their plumes, their war bonnets and their horses, this wild chivalry would go into action. The most practised of white circus riders could not begin to rival those marvelous horsemen. Sweeping around their enemies in circles, often exposing only a foot and a hand, they would fire under or over their horses' necks as circumstances might require. Occasionally some cavalier, more daring than his comrades, would stand upon his horse's haunches like a barebacked rider and flourish his Winchester, and so the entertainment would continue until one side or the other gave way. Such an encounter as the one indicated took place under my own eyes at the Rosebud fight, June 17, 1876, and Gen. Crook declared it to have been the most picturesque thing in his experience. The hostiles "drove" our Indians on that occasion, but not until considerable damage had been done to the warriors and horseflesh on both sides.

CAUGHT BY INDIAN STRATEGY.

Officers of the regular army familiar with Indian methods of warfare are rarely caught in a trap unless they happen to be constitutionally rash, as in some illustrious cases that might be mentioned. Often, however, young lieutenants, fresh from West Point, have been caught in the toils by the Indian system of progressive strategy. Thus the brave young West Pointer, at the head of a few men, would come upon a little war party of hostiles and engage them immediately. The little war party would give way in apparent terror and some distance in rear would be reinforced by a few more Indians, and still a few more, until, in the end, a big war party would surround the luckless lieutenant and his men, and a bloody tragedy would result. I can recall only a few names of the victims of that species of savage tactics—Kidder, Grattan and Robinson. Fetterman fell a victim to them, and so also did the brave Major Elliot, of the Seventh Cavalry, who, with nineteen men, was decoyed into an ambush by the Kiowas and Comanches at the Washita, and perished almost within sound of Custer's rifles. The fate of the brave band was not ascertained for many weeks after the battle, because Custer, although victorious over Black Kettle's band, found out that, to use a vulgar but strong expression, he had "bitten off more than he could chew," as several villages, much stronger than the one he had captured, lay below him on the river, and he found it prudent to retreat with his surviving men and captives during the hours of darkness.

While giving the Indian credit for individual daring and generalship, and while acknowledging that when thoroughly aroused he does not calculate the cost of a rash act, the result of savage impulse, it must not be forgotten that advantage of numbers greatly stimulate his courage, and that advantage of position is rarely, or never, lost sight of by him. He is always an admirable fighter behind defenses, but he seldom attempts to take by storm the intrenched position of an enemy. If the latter is resolute, even though he may be feeble, an Indian force, however strong, can always be repulsed, if it makes a direct assault. What is most to be dreaded in such cases is Indian cunning, patience and strategy.

THE INDIAN PONY IN BATTLE.

One great advantage the Indian has over the white soldier is the superior steadiness, sagacity and docility of his horse. The hardy little animal is capable of living off the bark of the cottonwood and other trees if from any cause grass should give out. His instinct for foraging is so strong that he will "paw" the snow off the herbage even when several feet deep. In short, he knows how to take care of himself almost as well as his savage master. Under fire the Indian pony rarely or never stampedes. If his rider desires to fight dismounted he simply throws his lariat on the ground and the war horse, always shelvered by some swell or declivity from the hostile bullets, grazes quietly around until his master needs his services again. As a general thing, when in battle, the Indians do not use "bits." They simply tie a thin rope around the pony's lower jow, and it answers all the purposes of a bridle, especially as the guiding is generally done with the knee. Thus the ponies are nearly always tractable and never lose their spirit.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles was about the first of our distinguished officers who used Indian ponies to mount infantry. His old regiment, the Fifth Foot, was mounted on captured Indian horses in the winter of 1876-7, and used them for many years, with great advantage to the service. But, although the ponies were brought under military subjection, the boys in blue never could get the same amount of work out of them as the aborigines. One reason was that they made them carry too much. Then the saddles were heavy, cumbersome affairs, apparently devised for the purpose of making all horses sore backed. The cruel "curb bit" also had a bad effect on the mustangs, but, notwithstanding these drawbacks, Miles' mounted "dough boys" did excellent service, and, like their resolute commander, deserve well of their country.

THEIR FAITHFUL "YELLER DOGS."

Some of the novels of Fenimore Cooper conveyed to the Caucasian mind the notion that the Indians are vigilant both night and day. They may be, if they know they are in the immediate vicinity of an enemy, but ordinarily, even when on the warpath, they seldom post sentinels during the hours of gloom. This is well illustrated by the fact that Custer surprised them on the Washita and Mills caught them napping at Slim Buttes. Their dogs, as a rule, answer all the purposes of sentinels. These brutes are of the genuine "yellow dog" variety, very wolfish in aspect and vicious in disposition. They are very faithful to their trust, too, and I remember seeing dozens of them lying dead in the captured tepees at Slim Buttes, shot by the soldiers, whose invasion of their master's premises they resisted with all the energy of their powerful jaws.

The Indian, however, does not always repay the fidelity of his dog with the gratitude which it merits. In seasons of scarcity the amber colored canine is frequently sacrificed to the demands of hunger, and not infrequently, even in times of plenty, a dog feast is one of the events of an Indian camp. If any "white brother" is around at such time he is always made welcome to "pot luck." On one memorable occasion the chief No Flesh tried my courtesy to the utmost by offering me a "tid bit" of stewed canine, which I declined with thanks, greatly to his surprise and disgust. The chief Little Wound came to my assistance with a chunk of boiled beef, which I very gladly accepted.

DESPISED THE SOLDIERS.

This was on the occasion of a "sun dance" at Pine Ridge in the summer of 1879, when Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy was

Indian agent at that place. Little Wound paid me special attention. He could not, even then, conceal his hatred of the army. Lieutenant, now Captain, George F. Chase, of the Third Cavalry, was passing by the reservation on the way to the Niobrara. He sat opposite to where I sat by Little Wound in the great, dark, savage circle that surrounded the sun dancers. One young man, who had thin ropes passed through the muscles of his breast and back, was unable to break the ligaments, and so become a warrior. This self-inflicted torture is considered the real test of Indian bravery. The young man who fails is rated as a squaw. This particular young Indian's father—an old man with long gray locks and blazing eyes—could endure the disgrace and disappointment no longer. He flung himself upon his suffering offspring, and, with one mighty effort, tore out the ropes and muscles together. He had saved the honor and the manhood of his son. "Hey hey Washtay!" shouted the Indians. Little Wound also shouted "Washtay"—"good man." He took my hand in his, and, pointing to Lieutenant Chase with his disengaged hand, counted on my fingers thus: "Sioux, first; Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Snoshone, Absaraqus—scjer!" It is, perhaps, unnecessary to explain that, by this action and language, Little Wound meant that the Sioux led everything in the line of valor, and that all the Indian tribes, including even the despised and hated Absaraqus, or Crows, were ahead of the soldiers in courage.

After the sun dance was over I told my friend Chase what Little Wound had said. Chase is an excellent soldier, but by no means remarkable for patience or piety. His black eyes flashed fire, and he exclaimed: "G— d— the greasy hound! If I had him out on the prairie I'd show him that his place is at the bottom of the list!" And I believe George Chase would have done it, too.

BLUSHES UNDER BLANKETS.

The blanket is the Sioux's great refuge when he is not actively engaged on the warpath or in the chase. Only for the difference of stature it would be difficult to tell a young man from a squaw at certain times. Both wear the blanket drawn over their heads, and, to a casual observer, there is not much difference in the portion of costume that shows beneath the "wrap." Soldiers, intoxicated and amorous, have frequently attempted to make love to handsome "young bucks" under the belief that they were squaws, and it often requires all the vile English—generally the portion first learned by the savages—of which the insulted brave is master, to convince the would-be "masher" of his error.

When a young brave and pretty squaw begin to court the blanket always hides their blushes, such as they are. I have frequently seen a couple, with a blanket over their heads, practicing the tender art in a manner that would have made Romeo and Juliet envious. There is nothing whatever of the immodest about the proceeding, but, for lack of a gas-lit parlor and a comfortable sofa, they are obliged to exhibit their tenderness in public with truly rural simplicity. After the blanket stage is passed the brave generally purchases his bride for so many ponies, "paid" to her sire, or, failing him, her "next friend," and they go on with their housekeeping in a very practical manner. If the young man is capable of supporting more wives than one he can establish his harem, but the result is often extremely unsatisfactory to all concerned. Polygamy among the Sioux is a recognized but not a universal custom. The squaws do nearly all the heavy work, and the warriors do the heavy sitting around, except when there is fighting to be done or game to be killed. The women seem greatly attached to their lords and bewail them bitterly when they die or fall in battle. Their cries and lamentations are terrible to listen to, and often last for several days and nights.

SQUAWS ARE MORE CRUEL THAN THE BRAVES.

It may be added, I think, with perfect justice, that of the two the squaw is more cruel than the "brave." This would seem to reverse the order of nature, but the experience of those who have lived much among the savages confirms my assertion. The squaws do most of the torturing and mutilation when prisoners are taken, and if, occasionally, a squaw gets killed in a melee with the troops, public sympathy is greatly wasted in lamenting her fate. It is related of a certain able and heroic general of our army, now "grown old in wars" of civilization as well as of the Indian frontier, and soon to be retired, that when in battle with a gallant and enterprising band of aborigines in Montana, during the summer of 1877, he called out to his men, "Kill the bucks! Kill the bucks! Spare the squaws and children! Spare the squaws—out!" A bullet, fired by an armed squaw, struck him in the leg and brought him to the ground. As he fell, he cried out to his soldiers, "G— d— the squaws! Shoot the squaws, too! Shoot every last one of them!"

JOHN F. FINERTY.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

FOR THE CURE of the inflammation and congestion called "a cold in the head" there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints Cream Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh, after all other modes of treatment have failed.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SECRET LETTER.

When Norah had left the cottage the two young gentlemen proceeded to inspect the carefully sealed letter which she handed to them.

"I wonder, Redmond," said Eugene, "if we should open this. It may throw some light on the circumstances attending the unfortunate position this poor girl is found in. Should we?"

"It seems like a desecration to open it," said Redmond.

"But it may be a clue to us as to what brought her from her quiet home in France, to be a waif cast away on the rocks here. When I think of it, it seems to be like a horrible nightmare which I am only dreaming and shall wake from shortly. I can scarcely realize it yet."

"It is real enough," said Redmond, "whatever may be the extraordinary circumstances that led up to it."

"There must be something unusually strange and singular about it," said Eugene—"something almost beyond what could happen in real life; and it seems to me that this letter might be a help and a guide to us in regard to it."

"No doubt, Eugene. But still it does seem, somehow, an unmanly and unwarrantable thing to do—particularly under the circumstances."

"But it is precisely under the circumstances I have the right and the need to open it," said Eugene, gazing at the letter, with its three red seals upon it. "What ever it is," he continued, "the poor girl attached importance to it. The whole mystery lies enwrapped here. In the name of God—I shall open it!"

He walked over to the window, and broke the seals. He took therefrom a printed document with blank spaces filled up with writing.

He gazed at it like one in a dream for some time.

It would be impossible for the greatest master of word-painting to describe the look of blank amazement and horror that stood depicted on his face, as Redmond looked thereat for some indication of what the letter contained.

A pause of some minutes' duration ensued, in which Eugene's eyes were rivetted on the document he held in his hands, and Redmond's on *his* face.

"Redmond," said the former at last, in choking accents, "Alice—she was married!"

"Married!" cried Redmond, aghast. "When? To whom?"

"To—to—" said Eugene, with difficulty speaking, "to Sir Trevor Mortimer."

"To Sir Trevor Mortimer!" echoed Redmond, for the moment believing his companion had taken leave of his senses. "To Sir Trevor Mortimer!"

"Yes; here is proof of it. This explains everything. Can you read this?"

Redmond took the document mechanically, and gazed at it amazedly.

"Eugene," said he at last, "who would have believed this?"

"Married in Marseilles," said Eugene—"married in Marseilles!—my God! who could have dreamt of this? Who *could* have dreamt of this! Oh! merciful Heavens! was there no pitying angel near to warn her? How could it have come about?"

"I unfortunately know now. He met her at Seamore during her visit. He must have followed her to France—he *was* there for his health during the summer—and in some way induced her to marry him."

"Were they much acquainted at Seamore?"

"Not remarkably. He paid her attention—nothing more than one would pay to a graceful and handsome girl; and we used often joke with her about him, and laugh at how readily she blushed when he was mentioned. But it was the merest pleasantry."

"It was not all pleasantry for her!—oh, my poor sister! It is clear enough she fell into the power of the arch devil when she listened to his words. Do you know what, Redmond? As surely as I stand here living, she was thrown off the rocks—flung off the precipice—and it was his hand that did it. He lured her here for the purpose."

Redmond nodded his head in assent. The same thought had flashed across his own mind.

"And do you know what further, Redmond," said Eugene, as he crumpled the letter, and, laying hold of the iron bar that had fastened the shutters, bent it with the strength of his hands—the strength of his feelings swelling every muscle in his arms until they stood out like whip cord. "He did the murderous deed to put her out of his way and enable him to marry Helen Barrington!"

"Stay, Eugene; don't say that!" a thrill of terror passing through every vein in his body. "You forget yourself when you say that."

Redmond was in the mood when anger, begotten of his own consciousness of danger to his sister, would have quickly supervened on his previous feelings.

"Don't be angry with me, Redmond, if I say precisely as I think," said Eugene, his own feeling warming pretty well into frenzy. "You know as well as I do that what I say is precisely what may at any time take place; and, moreover, it is to you that ——"

"To me—what?" asked Redmond, with fierce expression.

Just at that moment Norah burst back into the room with her breathless message, with what effect and result we have seen.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MIDNIGHT TERRORS.

When Sir Trevor left Grey Abbey in hurried fashion on that evening we have heretofore seen, he made his way with flying feet to Inch.

There he met Helen Barrington, and there he persuaded her to return to Dublin next day. Save and except from Miss Howard and her brother, all was for the present to remain secret.

Helen readily promised.

With continual entreaties from him—without cessation and without intermission—what was she to do? Her brother dead—how or by whose hand she knew not; Eugene, her presumed other friend, set down, with proof circumstantial enough, as his murderer—what was she to do? What other friend had she to look to?

Old Cauth's words came home to her—the words of wisdom from aged lips: "A girl's heart is easily turned, and it would be a sore day if you let it change from Sir Trevor Mortimer, who loves the ground you walk upon."

No doubt at times, in spite of herself, forbidden thoughts of the handsome young Frenchman, so brave, kindly, chivalrous in his devotion to her, came before her; and in these moments her mind indignantly rejected the insinuations that had been made against him.

But she banished these thoughts in further consideration. They were purely temptations presented before her for the purpose of luring her from her good.

Wherefore Helen, not without some misgivings, gave her consent. She would start in her cousin's carriage early for Dublin.

Sir Trevor, to comply with the necessary formalities, would go by the early mail, and, in order the better to enable him to do so, he would sleep at Inch that night.

So far all went satisfactorily with him. His plans are working smoothly and without hitch. He had made a great venture, and, with the result attaching to all bold adventures, had succeeded. It was far advanced in the night before all these arrangements had been concluded.

Too excited, however, to retire to rest, he sauntered out nominally to enjoy a cigar, but really to cool his excited and heated feelings. He ascended the slight slope that sheltered the house from the sea storms, and lit his cigar and smoked it mechanically.

The sea lay beyond him. The low murmur of the waves beating on the strand fell on his ear. Far over, in the cloud of darkness and night that lay on the waters, unseen and solitary, was the little island. A thrill like the searing of hot iron along his veins ran through him as he thought of it, turning presently into a chill to which the touch of ice would have been as heat and warmth.

That island! What form, mangled and torn, lay in the embraces of its dark precipices! That face so fair and winsome—those eyes so dark and flashing that looked up to his!—

A shudder of terror passed over him as he snatched the cigar from his lips and flung it on the ground. He would think no more of this. He would think of Helen Barrington—of the good luck that was in store for him in the future—of anything but the horrible thought that was in his brain, and the agonizing cry that still rang in his ears.

He shuddered to find himself alone in the night and the darkness!

He would turn back and go into the house—into the light and heat and peace of the house.

He retraced his steps until the lights glimmering in its bedroom windows fell on his eyes. But they seemed no harbingers of welcome now. Rather, they seemed like white eyes watching him intently.

He placed his hand on his brow. The bead-drops stood out thickly thereon!

He knew he looked excited—fearfully excited!—and feared to let any of the inmates see him in his present condition of terror and unrest. Why had he promised to sleep there? Why had he not said he would sleep in Grey Abbey for the night? What if he went there now? He could make excuses readily enough in the morning for his absence.

He turned away again from the lights.

Stumbling over the uneven ground as he hurried away, he hastened to place the slope between him and Inch.

Yet he did not turn to Grey Abbey. Reluctant as he was to sleep at Inch, he was still more reluctant to rest within the walls of the former. The very idea, when he was once more in darkness, was abhorrent to him—a nameless horror crept over his heart at the thought of it.

Mechanically his steps sought the direction of the ruins.

He would wander about until morning came, and with the welcome daylight—never so welcome to anyone in this wide world before—the mail car.

Oh! the horror of this darkness—and the sob of the sea! Oh! his terror of the storm birds as they swooped by him, their shrill cries startling him in his feverish fancies as if it were the cry of——

He feared to mention the name.

But that despairing, agonized cry! How it still rang in his ears!

Rang? As he walked along, stumbling over the rocks and debris that lay in his path, it seemed to him still to come from over the sea with appalling force—the rocks of the distant island, hemmed in by night and darkness, echoing it forth unceasingly.

Once, indeed, he thought it came so plainly—so really and unmistakably—that he paused shiveringly to listen!

He was fairly overcome with unmentionable horror and terror.

The clothes on him were wet with perspiration, and his feet moved in his shoes with a splashy feeling as if he had been wading through a quagmire.

Pausing to listen, however, his terror ceased—only to assume a new form. The dread of the supernatural vanished only to give place to the fear of pressing, immediate, and personal danger.

He stood beside the outer wall of the ruined abbey, and directly in front of an ancient doorway, broken and fallen.

He had scarcely stopped thereat to listen to satisfy himself whether the cry he thought he had heard was real, or whether the fears growing at his heart had not deceived him, when suddenly there rushed through it, in the darkness a form; and before he was almost conscious of its presence it had flung itself against him!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Mediae Noctis Consilium.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MAIAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

AN TREAS ROINN.

Uireacht, áileacht, bláith, 's óige,
Ramh'das enámh, 's meádhonann feóla,
Martús trom, 's drom gan suaíbadh,
Neart gan dobhat, 's fonn gan fuaradh.
Bíon sealbh gach sógh 'ca air bhórd na saoithe,
Arradh 'gus ór chum óil 's aoibhnis,
Cliámh chum luíghe, 'gus saill chum cidhe 'ca,
Fúr, 's meidhir, 's míseacht fionta,
Is gnáthach cumasach lomadach óg iad,
'S ta fhios aguinne gur fuil agus feóil iad.
Cuman ní ghiaefain le cafaire coflite,
Súmaire galair ná siorraig gan sofilse,
Acht malfairidh bodach, 's tollairidhe tréana,
Ag damhaoil codalta 's obair gan déanadh.
Creidim gan bhréig gur mhéinn le roinn díobh,
Filleadh le féile, daor ní bh-faghainn iad,
Cothram ní cóir an t-órd le chéile,
A g-crochadh le córcá a gabháil na gaoithe.
Bás na droinge go deimhin ní ghrádhfaiu,
Lán na loinge chum duine ní bháthfaiun,
Cuid aca bioch gur réicigh riamh iad,
'S cuid aca bhios gan ríoghamh gan riaghail leó,
Crúocaig chruadh, gan truaigh, gan tréighthe,
Fíochmhar, fuar, 's fuath do bhéithe,
Cuid aca 'tá níos fearr 'ná chéile,
Tuilte le gráidh, 's le gráea féile.
Is minic a buadhtar buaibh 's gréithre,
Cuigean 's cruach do chuaird na cléire,
Is minic lem' chuimhne muídheag a d-tréithe,
'S iomad dá ngiombartha fír ghlic féithe
Is minic do chualadh air fuad na tíre,
Siosarnach luath dá luadh 'dir dhaoine,
'S chonare me taíbhdhbhseach roiun da ranncaibh,
'S iomad dá g-claíun air shíointibh fallsa.
Baineann sé fágas as láir mo chléibh-sí,
A g-caithid dá sídinte air mhná treas-aosda,
Is toran san tír chum dith na m-béithe.
Ar cuireag gan bhrígh do'n t-síolrach neamhdha.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CASSIDY—At Cannes, Dec. 22, James Archibald Cassidy, J. P, Monasterevan, county Kildare.

DOWNEY—At No. 4 Hawthorn terrace, Inchicore, Dec. 23, Emma, widow of the late Michael Downey, second daughter of Kyran Feehan, Spring Villa Mills, Roscrea, and granddaughter of John McKey, Harristown, Rathdowney.

FARRELL—At his residence, No. 13 George's hill, Dublin, Dec. 23, Laurence Farrell, after a short illness.

FARRELLY—At his residence, Mullagh, county Cavan, Simon Farrelly, aged 70 years.

CANNON—At Castlebellingham, Dec 21, Thomas, fifth son of James Gannon.

HOULAHAN—At Oughterard, county Galway, Dec. 10, Margaret, wife of Michl Houlahan, and daughter of the late Michael Moss, and granddaughter of the late Martin Kirwan, J. P., Woodfield, county Galway.

L'ESTRANGE—At his residence, Gaulmilestown, Mullingar, Dec. 22, Patrick L'Estrange, aged 77.

O'BRIEN—At his residence, Dunlo hill, Ballinasloe, Dec. 23 Michael O'Brien.

WOODS—At Marymount, Sligo, Dec. 21, William Abbott Woods, J.P., in his 70th year.

BAILEY—At the Postoffice, Stradbally, Queen's county, Dec. 21, Anne Teresa, youngest daughter of William and Eliza Bailey, aged 17.

FITZHARRIS—At No. 14 Island street, Dublin, Dec. 22, Mary Fitzharris, aged 65 years.

KEIRNS—At Old Mill, Naul, county Meath, Dec. 21 Patrick Keirns, at the advanced age of 101.

MOLONY—At the residence of her eldest son, William Pigott, 43 Lower Ormond quay, Dublin, Mrs. Cecilia Molony, aged 67, wife of Henry Molony, Granahan Castle, and Killnacrandy, Newmarket-on-Fergus, county Clare.

WATSON—At No 55 Palmerston terrace, Upper Rathmines, George Young Watson, formerly of 4 St. Alban's terrace, North Circular road, Dublin, aged 70.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. It's arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 19.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but 't has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS GEN JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty, is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

REFUSES TO VACATE.

Governor Thayer Will Not Surrender His Office.

BOYD TAKES QUARTERS ELSEWHERE

Latest Developments of the Political Row in Nebraska—The Supreme Court Refuses to Help Thayer and Boyd Threatens to Put Him Out by Force—The Trouble in Connecticut—The Minnesota Deadlock Broken at Last.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 9.—Ex-Governor Thayer applied to the supreme court Friday for a quo-warrant restraining Governor Boyd from exercising the functions of his office. Judge Maxwell stated to Thayer's attorney that inasmuch as their petition admits that Boyd is governor, their position is untenable. Maxwell believes Boyd to be governor and refused the writ. The supreme court then adjourned till Tuesday. The board of public lands and buildings is in session and has notified Thayer to vacate the governor's rooms or the board would officially designate another room to be the governor's headquarters. Thayer is locked in his room with friends, some of whom advise him to submit gracefully and not have to be ejected dishonorably.

Governor Boyd Installed.

At 12:30 Thayer requested the crowd to stand back from his door and said: "I will not surrender until the proper tribunal declares that I shall. All the mail was delivered to Governor Boyd by the mail carrier. Governor Boyd had been duly installed and the Prohibitionists and their allies, the farmers, have been defeated. In the senate Lieutenant Governor Major is presiding. Governor Boyd has ordered Adjt. Cole to report to him for directions and to disperse the militia on duty. The board of public lands has ordered their rooms to be designated as the governor's headquarters, and the word "governor" is painted on the door. At 12:45 Governor Boyd and fifty of his friends took possession of his new office. Attorney General Hastings has refused to file any papers in the supreme court for Thayer.

Will Put Thayer Out by Force.

Tom Major has been installed as lieutenant governor and president of the senate under protest. Governor Boyd has the governor's seat and has been recognized by all the new state officers as governor, and they will report to him. Governor Boyd will appoint and swear in a new staff and take command of the militia, when, it is stated, Company B, now on duty will, under their new commander's orders retire to their barracks. Ex Governor Thayer will then be asked to retire, and if he refuses it is most probable that Governor Boyd will put him out of the office by force.

GOVERNOR BOYD ON TOP.

Militia Removed from the Door of Ex-Governor Thayer's Room.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 10.—Saturday morning when Gen. Vivquain, the new adjutant general, arrived at the capitol he found Capt. Rhody in command of twenty-five militiamen at ex-Governor Thayer's room. He ordered the captain to go with him to Governor Boyd's room. The captain obeyed orders and arriving there saluted Governor Boyd as commander-in-chief, and awaited orders. In a few moments Gen. Vivquain gave him an order to repair with his command to the companies' barracks and await orders.

Thayer Pleads in Vain.

With this command in his hand he went with the general to Thayer's room and ordering the company to fall in, gave the orders: "Reverse arms, forward, march." Thayer entreated him to allow the militia to remain, but, saluting him, Capt. Rhody said: "I salute you for the last time; I recognize the authority of the commander-in-chief, Governor Boyd," and the company slowly marched from the state house to their barracks. The next move will be to forcibly eject Thayer from his present room, if he still persists in imagining himself governor.

GETTING DOWN TO WORK.

Proceedings in Both Houses of the Illinois Legislature.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 9.—After the reading of the journal in the senate Friday morning a resolution was adopted providing for adjournment until Monday evening. The following bills were introduced and referred to proper committees: To amend the act relating to the sale of lands for taxes; to make the first Monday in September, now known as Labor Day, a legal holiday; a measure to take the place of the present compulsory education law, and to provide that an American flag be placed over every school house building in the state. The senate then adjourned.

In the House.

Immediately after the meeting of the house Speaker Crafts announced the appointment of the committee on elections. Enslow introduced the usual bill making appropriation for the expenses of the Thirty-seventh general assembly. It was read a first time and ordered to a second reading. Immediately afterward an adjournment was taken until next Monday.

The Fight in Connecticut.

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 9.—In the house Thursday the joint resolutions passed Wednesday by the senate declaring each of the Democratic state officers elected were received. Representative Green, of Norwich (Rep.), offered a resolution creating a special committee of the house on the canvass of state officers, referring the returns to them and directing them to investigate allegations of inaccuracies of the count as cited in the preamble to his resolution. This resolution will probably be adopted and then a recess be taken to Jan. 20 to enable the committee to make up its report.

Trouble in Kansas City's Council.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 9.—Five members of the city council who walked out of the council meeting last Saturday night because that body refused to invite the members indicted for "boodling" to resign their offices, have attended none of the subsequent meetings of the council. Speaker Hayes, one of the indicted officers stoutly refuses to resign. He says he will reorganize the council committees, relieving the deserters from committee duties, and substituting men who are willing to work.

Peace in Minnesota.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 9.—The forty-one Democrats and thirty-one Alliance men in the lower house of the legislature united Thursday afternoon and chose E. T. Champlin, Alliance, of Lake Crystal, speaker. It was the seventh ballot and the deadlock had lasted three days. As soon as Mr. Champlin had finished his inaugural address the house adjourned to give the combination an opportunity to fix up the remainder of its slate.

The Maine Legislature.

AUGUSTA, Me., Jan. 9.—Both branches of the state legislature met in joint convention at 11:10 a. m. The oath of office was administered to Governor Burleigh and he read his inaugural address. After the inaugural the Republican candidates for state officers were elected.

Senator Vest Renominated.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 9.—A dispatch from Jefferson City, Mo., says that Senator Vest has been unanimously renominated by the Democratic caucus. The Democrats have an overwhelming majority in the legislature and Mr. Vest will be elected beyond doubt.

A Hint to Senators.

PIERRE, S. D., Jan. 9—A resolution was introduced in the house Thursday giving it as the opinion of the house that Senators Pettigrew and Moody had better be at the national capital than in Pierre looking after their fences.

THE CRISIS REACHED.

Indians Must Surrender or Be Whipped Into Submission.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 10.—The Post Dispatch has the following special: Rushville, Neb., Jan. 10.—The crisis has been reached and a general battle is looked for soon. The circumstances are forcing a conclusion to the hostiles, and parleying will not be longer continued by either side. The Indians said Saturday that Gen. Miles must prepare to fight or get off the reservation. Gen. Miles, it is said, has given the Indians a stated time to surrender, and if they do not come in by that time he will close in upon them.

The Soldiers in a Bad Fix.

This is made necessary by the condition of his men. Those on the north side have been pretty well worn out with camp life in this bleak climate and the long and cold marches from one position to another. They can not stand it much longer and unless matters are brought to an end the Indians will have no one to oppose them but worn out and frozen out soldiers who are unfit for duty. The conduct of the soldiers has been exceptional, and they have borne their hardships without a murmur.

A Bloody Battle Expected.

All Friday night signal lights were flashing between the Pine Ridge and Rosebud hostile. Preparations are making for a battle and every one here anticipates that it will be the bloodiest that has ever been fought in this country. The wives and families of the officers who are at Pine Ridge agency were sent east Friday night. The parting was very affecting.

The Indian Population.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 10.—The census office Friday completed the report of Special Agent Donaldson, which states the total population of the Indians of the country, exclusive of Alaska, to be 244,704. There are 130,254 Indians on the reservations or at schools who are not taxed. The five civilized tribes incidentally under the Indian office, but self supporting, are made up as follows: Cherokee Indians, 25,357; Chickasaw, 3,464; Choctaw, 9,996; Creek, 9,291; Seminoles, 2,539; total, 50,647. Alaska's Indian population is estimated at 37,000.

Manitoba Indians Uneasy.

WINNIPEG, Jan. 10.—Information has reached here that the Indians at the Turtle Mountain reserve are holding war dances and threatening settlers. A detachment of mounted police will undoubtedly be sent there to restrain the Indians from going on the warpath. The reserve is only a few miles north of the international boundary line and is inhabited by Sioux refugees from Manitoba, who fled to this country after the massacre of 1862. They only number some twenty-five or thirty bucks.

His Mind Unbalanced.

PRINCETON, Ills., Jan. 11.—Judge Stipp, of this judicial circuit, was brought home Friday in a bad condition mentally. Recently he had concluded the Ford murder trial at Ottawa, where a jury found the defendant guilty. Next Monday was the appointed time for hearing the motion for a new trial. It is thought the judge had reached the conclusion that a new trial could not be granted, and that meditation over his duty to pass sentence had unbalanced his mind. The judge is now over 70 years of age, and it is feared he may never be any better. He labors under the hallucination that some person is seeking his life.

That Alleged Silver Pool.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 10.—The indications are that the Dockery resolution providing for an investigation into the existence of the alleged silver pool to influence legislation will come to nothing. The trouble is to obtain anything tangible upon which to base an investigation. The resolution was predicated on a newspaper report, and the committee on rules has been unable to secure the presence of any one who can furnish the slightest information in support of the allegations.

A Costly Conflagration.

HAMBURG, Jan. 10.—The great tobacco stores of the David Jessurim & Weber-Moeller company caught fire Saturday. They burned like tinder and were speedily reduced to ashes notwithstanding the efforts of the fire brigade. Fortunately the employes and others about the buildings received warning in time to make their way to the streets. There were, however, a number of narrow escapes. The damage by fire and water is estimated at £50,000.

Sold a Political Office.

WINDOM, Minn., Jan. 10.—County Auditor-Elect (Alliance) John Brown sold his office Thursday to A. W. Johnson, a Prohibitionist, for $200. Friday Johnson attempted to take possession, but the old auditor, C. E. Robinson, Republican, locked the vault and says he will carry the question to the supreme court. The county commissioners have appointed Robinson to act in their interest.

A Piece of Carelessness.

FAIRMOUNT, Ills., Jan. 10.—Miss Hattie, daughter of Hiram Yerkes, was accidently shot at while going home from school. Wade Young was walking in the rear of Miss Yerkes and a party of young ladies with a rifle and let it go off. The ball struck the left side of her skull, passing around to near the eye. It is feared it will prove fatal.

La grippe caused the death of five persons in the vicinity of Woodville, Miss., last week, each victim being over 70 years of age.

MARRIED EIGHT TIMES.

Arrest at Chicago of the Champion Bigamist.

AND HE IS STILL A YOUNG MAN.

His Bigamous Career Began in Sweden Twelve Years Ago—He Apparently Could Not Stand Children, as the Birth of a Baby Was the Signal for Him to Desert the Mother—Finally Placed Behind the Bars.

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.—Behind the bars at the Desplaines Street station is a man who may with good cause lay title to the champion of bigamists. His name is Asa Bennett. He is the possessor of eight wives! Bennett was arrested Monday night while preparing to desert Mrs. Bennett No. 8, with whom he has been living for some time at 268 South Desplaines street. The much-married man is but 32 years old. He began his bigamous career in Sweden twelve years ago. He lived with wife No. 1 just one year, deserting her a few months after the birth of a child. He landed in New York in time to celebrate his 23d birthday by marrying a woman of that city. Wife No. 2 kept Bennett just twenty months, and during that time gave birth to two children. Then he went to Philadelphia and in two weeks found a buxom young German woman, who consented to become Mrs. Bennett No. 3. At the expiration of a year she presented her husband with twins and at the same time lost him.

The Signal for Desertion.

Mr. Bennett next turned up in Baltimore and within a month there was a Mrs. Bennett No. 4. He lived with this one two years, and when she gave birth to a child he deserted her. He moved from the eastern to the western portion of the city, and in the course of a few weeks there was a fifth Mrs. Bennett. The charms of this one were evidently greater than those possessed by the others, as he proved a dutiful husband during four years. By this wife he had two children, the birth of the second being the signal for his usual desertion. His next abiding place was New Orleans, and in this city he beat his record, as he married and deserted two women inside of six months. One year ago he came to Chicago, and in less than a week had met, wooed, and won Eliza I. Landen, a comely young German woman. She soon became Mrs. Bennett No. 8, with a home at the number given above.

Sent Money to Each of His Wives.

Bennett never forgot his other wives, and it was his consideration for them that finally led to his arrest on a charge of bigamy. He was a hard-working man without a single small vice. He never spent a dollar in his life for drink or tobacco, according to his own statement, and as he never earned less than $18 per week at his trade—that of a tailor—and at which he was quite expert, he always had a little ready cash, although he religiously sent $1 per week to each one of his seven wives. It was through his correspondence with them that Mrs. Bennett No. 8 learned of his duplicity. When she charged him with having other wives he frankly confessed it, and when she threatened to have him arrested he laughed in her face and told her he would leave her as he had the others.

Arrest of the Bigamist.

No. 8 had the genuine western spirit in the sense that she did not propose being trifled with, and she promptly lodged her complaint at the station. She said her husband was making preparations to leave the city, and two officers accompanied her home. Just as they reached the house Bennett emerged with his grip-sack already packed, and when he was asked where he was going said to Milwaukee. The officers induced him to change his mind, and instead of being given a chance to look for a Mrs. Bennett No. 9 in the Wisconsin metropolis he languishes in a cell, and will probably be held to the criminal court for his examination.

Description of Bennett.

Bennett is a neatly dressed, pleasant-featured man and looks younger than he is. He is just the kind of a man that a susceptible young woman would consent to marry, especially if wedlock promised a relief from daily toil. Bennett despised widows, all of his victims being young girls. The Chicago woman who had him arrested is on the point of becoming a mother. The letters she appropriated show conclusively that Bennett acknowledged being married to the other seven women, or at least each one of them addresses him as her husband. Some of the letters are well written, indicating that the fellow succeeded in gaining the confidence of a few women who are above the average intelligence. An effort will be made to get some of the women to come to Chicago and testify against Bennett.

The Widow Bailed Him Out.

SCRANTON, Pa., Jan. 13.—Patrick Kelly was to have been married to a widow, Mrs. Joyce, at St. Peter's cathedral Monday evening. When Kelly reached the church he was arrested on a charge of having engaged himself to Mary Shaugnesy and secured $240. Kelly was taken to prison and it was announced to the throng that had assembled in the church that the ceremony had been postponed. The widow hurried before an alderman and secured bail for Kelly. The guests were reassembled and the wedding was solemnized.

The Apportionment Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 13.—The report of the census committee of the senate on the apportionment bill was submitted Tuesday by Hale. The committee says that it approves the bill passed by the house, providing for 356 members. Davis, Berry and Blodgett submitted a minority report in which it is contended that New York, Minnesota and Arkansas are entitled each to an additional member, making the apportionment 359.

Two of the Crew Drowned.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 13.—The British schooner Otter went ashore near the Bellport, L. I., life saving station Tuesday morning. Two of her crew were drowned while coming ashore on the breeches buoy which became disarranged. The rest of the crew—seven men—were saved. The schooner is full of water. She is a two-master and came from St. Kitt's with a cargo of salt bound for New York.

Swallowed the Wrong Dose.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 13.—Monday evening about 6:30 o'clock Noan Labrie, living at 327 Pleasant street, by accident took a swallow of carbolic acid, thinking it was medicine, and died in a few moments. He was 38 years old and leaves a wife and four children.

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

The Day's Proceedings in Both Houses of Congress.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 13.—The senate Tuesday passed the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Red River of the North at Dayton, N. D.; for a public building at Fresno, Cal., at a cost of $75,000; bill for a public building at Joliet, Ills., at a cost of $100,000. After further business the financial bill was taken up and Sherman addressed the senate in opposition to the free coinage amendment.

In the House.

The house disagreed to the senate amendments to bills for public buildings at Akron, Ohio, and Pueblo, Colo., and a conference was asked. The same action was taken on the bill providing for an additional justice of the supreme court of Arizona. Senate amendment fixing the limit of cost for a public building at Davenport, Iowa, at $100,000, was agreed to. The army appropriation bill was then taken up.

A REFUGE FOR ISRAEL.

Baron Hirsch Negotiating with Turkey for a Slice of Palestine.

LONDON, Jan. 13.—Baron Hirsch is said to be negotiating with the sultan for an extensive Jewish settlement in Palestine. The baron is willing to pay liberally for a section of the Holy Land large enough to make an asylum for several thousand of the Jews now being driven by persecution from Russia. There is reported to be a difference of opinion between the Turkish government and Baron Hirsch as to whether the Jewish settlement should constitute a separate province, to be ruled over by a Hebrew. Many of the Russian Jews have their eyes turned toward Palestine, and would hail with delight an opportunity of removing to that country. The negotiations have been conducted with much secrecy.

To Unravel the Base Ball Tangle.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—The representative men of the three great base ball organizations are here, and have commenced a series of meetings which is expected to unravel the tangle of last year and place the national game on a firmer footing than ever before. All the members of the conference committee which meets at the Fifth Avenue hotel were in town yesterday. The American association committee held a meeting in Mr. Thurman's room at the Fifth Avenue hotel Sunday night, which lasted until nearly 3 o'clock yesterday morning. They were hard at work on the report which they must make to the association when it meets Thursday.

The American Copyright Bill.

LONDON, Jan. 13.—The Standard says: The passage of the American copyright bill seems doubtful. English literature has no reason to complain of the measure, and just as little reason to exult over it. It was not framed in the smallest degree out of deference to the decalogue, nor out of any concern for the rights of British authors, but wholly in the interests of American book trade. It may incidentally benefit English writers, but the main purpose is to take bread out of the mouths of English printers for the benefit of American publishers. England should take measures to protect English printers in view of this attempted blow at them.

No Revolution in Chili.

LONDON, Jan. 13.—The Chilian minister to Great Britain, Senor Carlos Antunez, denies that there had been fighting in any part of Chili. There was, he said, no revolutionary movement in progress in that country. The present disturbances, the minister added, amount only to a protest against the illegal collection of taxes which have failed to receive the sanction of the legislative body for their levying. The army of Chili was loyal to the government, and but three vessels of the thirty-one which composed the national naval force had supported the opposition.

Threats of Parnell's Friends.

SHEFFIELD, Jan 13.—The Telegraph says that it has been informed from a secret source that in case Parnell is thrust from the leadership of the Irish party the extremists will immediately proceed to avenge him. It is said that they will form an assassination club to strike down his enemies, and that Gladstone, Tim Healy, and others have been marked for vengeance; that Parnell is aware of this and clings to the leadership to avert it; and that O'Brien has been informed of it, and that is the reason he is so anxious for an amicable settlement.

Dr. Mary Walker's Claim.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 13.—The senate committee on military affairs has finally refused to take into consideration the bill to give Dr. Mary Walker $10,000 for services rendered during the war as an assistant surgeon. The doctor once enjoyed a pension of $30 a month, but she became dissatisfied and wanted $50. The committee in making an investigation into her claims came to the conclusion that she was not entitled to any pension and her allowance was cut off entirely.

Kansas Alliance Caucus.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 13.—The caucus of the Farmers' Alliance was held Monday night under the rules of the Farmers' Alliance which require the giving of the pass-word and grip, and forbid making public any of the proceedings of the meeting excepting that portion which may be authorized by a committee appointed for that purpose. The details of the discussion relative to the selection of a senatorial candidate are kept secret.

Don M. Dickinson at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Jan. 13.—Hon. Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, arrived at Memphis Sunday. He comes to argue the habeas corpus case of King, the Seventh Day Adventist, who was arrested and sentenced in Obion county, in this state, for working on Sunday. The habeas corpus proceedings will be held before Judge E. S. Shammond, of the United States court.

Sentenced for Wife Murder.

GREEN BAY, Wis., Jan. 13.—Henry Hensel, of the town of Eaton, Brown county, Wis., has been sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary for the killing of his wife in August last. Hensel had frequently quarreled with his wife, and on Aug. 20 strangled her to death. He had only been married to her three months.

Shot While Hunting Rabbits.

BURLINGTON, Iowa, Jan. 13.—While rabbit hunting Wallace Buxton, a 12 year-old boy, was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a shot gun in the hands of Thomas Ginnell. The entire contents of both barrels of the gun entered young Buxton's head. The boy's father was a witness of the terrible accident.

"Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart,
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart."

So Keats describes the lovers in "Isabella." Many lovers have been separated because the health of the lady in the case failed. No man finds attraction in a woman who is subject to nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional derangement and organic diseases peculiar to women.

The remedy for all such maladies is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. As a soothing and strengthening nervine it is unequaled. As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the uterine organs as well as to the whole system. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no sugar or syrup to derange digestion; a legitimate *medicine*, not a *beverage*.

For all displacements, as prolapsus, retroversion, anteversion and flexions, causing weak and aching back, bearing-down sensations, ulceration, unnatural discharges and kindred ailments, the "Favorite Prescription" is an unequaled remedy, and the *only guaranteed* one.

You only pay for *the good* you get in using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Can you ask more?

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

Those New York Elevators.

The elevators in some of New York's tall buildings are run at a speed calculated to disquiet the nerves of people who are not accustomed to them. One of the cars in the Equitable building the other day was sent down, as the conductor expressed it, "for all she was worth." There were several ladies among the passengers, and one of them, a gentle faced, silvery haired "grandma," was particularly disturbed. She had given a half smothered cry as the car dropped story after story, and when she stepped with the others out upon the stone floor of the rotunda her face was covered with tears and pitiful sobs shook her slender form.

The young man who accompanied the old lady endeavored to calm her with reassuring words, but for some minutes they were quite unavailing. At length the tears ceased, and she was able to answer, though in a voice that was still faint and trembling, the anxious questionings of her companion.

"Now, John, I ain't sick," the sympathetic group that had gathered around heard her say, "and I wasn't very much scart."

"Then what makes you cry so?" asked the man.

"I know it's foolish," she answered," "but when that thing went down so awful fast it gave me a feeling right here," and she placed a thin hand just below her heart, "exactly like I had the day your father died. Oh, John! John! it's brought it all back again!"—New York Times.

The Twin Coat Buttons.

For many years the two buttons have figured at the waist line of the back of the man's skirt or frock coat. Now, why are they there? For ornament and effect? Not so, originally, for these two buttons were at their beginning for service and not for decoration. If you put their inception back into the time when the big square art embroidered and gorgeously lined overcoats were worn, two centuries ago, and when the gallants of the time were wont to go forth on dress parade with the sword at the side and ready to resent any informality of etiquette, you will find that in order to reach the side arm more readily the skirts of the coat were turned back in a reverse shaped way and buttoned or looped upon two buttons at the back placed as these are at the present day.

In this way they secured an immunity from drapery when the command came, "Draw and defend thyself," and at the same time exploited a segment of the rich inside of the skirt of the coat in a very effective way. The tinsel, the side arm, the court etiquette, the duello and the gorgeous flowered texture of the coat have gone before, but those two buttons remain on the tail coats of today, a suggestion of that period of laces, brocades and romance.—Lewiston Journal.

Leather Brake Shoes.

A company has been formed in New South Wales for the purpose of exploiting the manufacture of railway brake shoes from compressed leather. Waste leather scraps are steeped in a solution and subjected to a hydraulic pressure to mold them to any desired shape. The leather shoe is said to possess distinct advantages over that of iron, with superior efficiency in every way. The leather shoe weighs 4½ pounds against 21½ pounds for iron, and it will wear three times as long. More than this, it has a greater coefficient of friction, so that forty pounds of air pressure is as effective as seventy pounds with iron brake shoes.

There is one pre-eminent benefit which the introduction of the leather brake shoe would confer on communities which are subjected to the necessary evil of the elevated railroads. They would thus be spared the dangerous shower of iron particles, which now injure so many eyes. An attempt has already been made to remedy this serious source of danger by the use of compressed paper. This, however, was found to be impracticable. It is earnestly to be hoped that the new shoe will stand the test of practical work.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Very Original "Yours Truly."

What might readily have been mistaken for a character out of one of Dickens' novels stumped through the cabins of a Williamsburg ferry boat yesterday with the assistance of a crutch and cane, and, having succeeded in attracting the attention of everybody, addressed the assemblage as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, which it is asking your pardon to bestow on youre truly a little assistance, which I am a cripple at the present time for the last six months; which I am afflicted with a very bad pain, principally in my side, which in consequence I can't work. Anythink you choose to give, which however small it may be, will be thankfully received by yours truly as you pass out."

The appeal proved a prodnctise one evidently, for with hardly an exception men and women paused to drop a coin into the extended hand of "yours truly" as they left the boat.—New York Times.

Wealthy People Who Rise Early.

People who rise late in the morning may not know that a large proportion of the citizens of New York are up and moving briskly about long before the average man has had his breakfast. A curious thing about it, too, is that the people who rise early in the morning belong very often to what is known as the "leisure class." The popular notion that that portion of our population which has been dignified by Mr. McAllister by the titles of "nobs" and "swells" lieabed till noon is faulty. As early as 7:30 in the morning millionaires and the high lights of society may be seen on horseback, on wheels and afoot in the park or on the avenues taking exercise and air in order to keep their figures trim and their color good. The only neighbors they have at that hour are truck drivers and laborers going off to work.—New York World.

Most of the province of Uralsk, in southeastern Russia, having an area of 141,174 square miles, and a population of over 500,000, is below sea level.

Both in the house and senate black is the predominating color of the clothes of the members, and two out of three of them wear Prince Albert coats.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 17, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. E. H. Sothern.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Rudolph Aronson's Comic Opera Co.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The Refugee's Daughter."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Burglar."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"McCarthy's Mishaps."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—Dan'l Sully in "The Millionaire."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets. — "Paul Kauvar."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison. — "The Devil's Mine."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

TO OUR READERS.

Owing to the intervention of the Christmas holidays, and to a break down in the engine-room of the press establishment, a few numbers of THE CITIZEN have not reached the subscribers at the usual time. Holidays will occur, and accidents will happen, and we know that the friends of THE CITIZEN will be indulgent in a disappointment which could not have been avoided.

WHAT WILL IT SEND IN?

The reception accorded to Mr. Parnell at Limerick on Sunday was magnificent, and well worthy of the ever gallant and chivalric people of that noble city and county. Limerick never yet failed Ireland. She is still the Irish Saragossa, morally as well as in the martial sense. Yes—

——Limerick is beautiful,
As everybody knows:
And by that city of our hearts
How swift the Shannon flows!
It sweeps down by the brave old town
As clear in depth and tone
As when Sarsfield swept the Saxons
From the walls of Garryowen!

Yet it is not merely for Parnell, as an individual, that Limerick declared herself on Sunday. She recognized in him the embodiment of Ireland's natural right to be free from English dictation, and to be led by the man of her choice. Misfortune has proved a healthy tonic in the case of the Irish leader. It has braced him up, and made him see much more distinctly how futile all efforts at the attainment of Irish self-government are apart from the rank and file of the Irish people, who, in the mass, are ever true to the traditional principle of their race. It has also convinced him that the English "Liberal" alliance is a very rotten reed, and that Gladstone is, after all, but a brilliant old man trained too long in the school of English party politics to regard the Irish question as a cause to be upheld at the expense of being perpetually debarred from the holding of office.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, and a few other alleged Liberals, are devoting themselves to the congenial task of getting Mr. Gladstone away from the Home Rule idea, in order that Hartington, Goschen, Chamberlain & Co. may be placated, and that the Whigs may return to power and patronage. The proposition made by Gladstone to Parnell—to reduce the Irish representation in the English house of commons from 103 to 33—certainly looks tricky on the face of it. Home Rule is offered by the Liberals in lieu of the existing representation, but what kind of Home Rule? Why a measure, as Mr. Parnell has well said, which would leave the constabulary, the judiciary and the land still in the hands of England. Then if Ireland should find the new arrangement, shadow instead of substance, unbearable, and kicked, what is to hinder England from going back on the whole arrangement, as she did on the Treaty of Limerick in 1691, and on the Treaty with Grattan and the Irish parliament in 1800? She could turn the Home Rule parliament sitting in Dublin out of their place of assembly, at any time, at the point of the bayonet. The army, the navy, the police and the armed constabulary, the judges, the hangmen and the revenue officers would be on her side still, even as they are today.

And if the projected Home Rule parliament should be ousted, then Ireland must go back to Westminster with thirty-three representatives, against 465 from England, seventy-two from Scotland and thirty from Wales. Thus the little principality, with little more than a fourth of Ireland's population, and bearing no comparison whatever to her in natural resources, and actual products, would have almost the same "voice in the councils of the empire," and in voting the supplies, as the larger country. Scotland, with much less than Ireland's population, would have more than double her number of members, and so the matter would stand. Gladstone's original proposition, to do away with Irish representation at Westminster altogether, was the correct one, and he should have stuck to it at any cost. That would have made Irishmen look for senatorial power and dignity not in London but in Dublin. If a double barreled representation is agreed upon, the number of Irish representatives in what is called the Imperial parliament could not be decreased without doing grave injustice to Ireland; but, under such circumstances, what a fraud and sham the Dublin parliament would be! It would have, as John Dillon once contemptuously remarked, about the power of an average grand jury. There is no sense in such an arrangement. It would be much better for Ireland to stand out for proper recognition, even if she were not immediately successful, than to accept Mr. Gladstone's diluted and nauseating new scheme for Home Rule—supervised by London.

It is the deliberate belief of THE CITIZEN that English opinion will not again be led to consider the Irish question seriously until something is done, either in the British parliament or outside of it, to awaken the said opinion to a sense of danger, whether moral or physical. Mr. Parnell is recognized by every Irishman of common sense as being the only man who can wrest anything from England by parliamentary means, but, as he said in Limerick, he can hardly be expected to lead the movement, as at present constituted.

Great stress is laid by the leaders of both the Irish parliamentary factions on the contributions expected from America in case so and so should occur. THE CITIZEN is decidedly of opinion that American, or rather Irish-American, contributions will be exceedingly light if the present disgraceful wrangle should continue. If, on the other hand, an honorable compromise, with Mr. Parnell duly recognized, should be made, public confidence would increase, and Irish purse strings would be less tightly drawn than at present. If the fight keeps up this is about what will happen: All Irish-Americans who have a real interest in the cause of the mother land, will pitch parliamentary agitation to the dogs, and go in for other methods of warfare—not rash, but wisely considered and performed—for the attainment of Irish independence. After all, THE CITIZEN thinks that this kind of policy would be about the best outcome of the present wordy and demoralizing conflict.

"GOD SEND US WAR, WE SAY."

The Behring, or Bering, sea fishery dispute seems to be as far from settlement as ever. The insolence of the English government in attempting to force a test case before the United States Supreme Court—thereby ignoring the Department of State—has aroused the indignation of Secretary Blaine, and the relations between that gentleman and the British minister at Washington are reported to be "greatly strained" in consequence. Both the President and Secretary of State are in an ugly dilemma. They would like to resent British insolence by force of arms, but they feel that the country is badly prepared for the conflict that must inevitably result from a proper enforcement of American rights. The navy, although much improved, is certainly not capable of encountering that of Great Britain; the coast defenses are, according to the reports of Generals Schofield, Howard, Miles and other distinguished officers, in no condition to resist foreign attack from the sea; the torpedo service is in its infancy; even our lakes are at the mercy of the British and Canadians. We have been thinking so much of commercial interests, and have given ourselves up so devotedly to money making, that we have forgotten the inevitable appearance of the thief in the night, which may be translated as the development of foreign greed, envy and jealousy.

Some of our foremost congressmen have sneered at the idea of a foreign war. Now its shadow is at our doors. The Cross of St. George shows up luridly in the waters of the North Pacific, and a single shot fired there in anger will bring its baleful power right to the gates of our seaboard cities. If he did little else while in Congress, the editor of THE CITIZEN is glad that nobody can charge him with having neglected his duty in the matter of naval and coast defense. He was obliged, while advocating a better navy and perfect coast fortifications, to cross swords with even Randall and Holman. Randall was for a fleet, but in too economical a manner, whereas Judge Holman sustained his character as "the great objector" by objecting to both fleet and fortifications. "Why," said he, "no nation will ever want to harm us!" Good, innocent man! he did not then think that the English Tories, who, with all their faults, are, at least, fighters, would again come into power. They are after this country now, with a very sharp stick, and we are obliged to temporize for the present at least, because our own legislative folly and parsimony have left us in a condition of virtual helplessness.

It is shameful to think of, that this great nation, so blessed in soil, climate and population, should be at the mercy of any foreign bully. It serves us right for having toadied so long to the only real enemy we have ever had. England knows well that we are not fully prepared for war, and she will continue to bluff us until we either back down on the Bering Sea business or fight. Of the two alternatives, the last named would be the manly and the honorable one, even if we should have to pay dearly for it. We have backed down so often, within the last fifty years, before foreign bulldozers that we have practically lost the respect of the world. Nobody fears us, and, of course, nobody can hold us in respect unless we are able to enforce it.

If war should result from the seal fishery controversy, Canada must be absorbed by us. It is intolerable to have an eternal tr reat hanging over us on our northern frontiers. We can, if the worst comes to the worst, harass British commerce by covering the seas with privateers. We have some good armed cruisers also; and there are many other directions in which we could annoy the enemy—in Ireland particularly. A well fitted out expedition sent to that island would make John Bull feel rather blue in London. A force of 25,000 men—this is the age of steam—could be readily thrown into Ireland, in spite of all the obstacles that the English fleet and the coast guard service could present. A good general, plenty of artillery, and plenty of improved arms to place in the hands of the warlike Irish, would soon give England enough to do at home, and would mightily relieve the pressure on this side of the Atlantic. Out of the struggle England would, in the long run, emerge shorn of her American possessions, her Irish captive, and her prestige as a first class power, whereas America would benefit from every point of view. The Irish in America would spring to the call of arms as one man. It would be *their* war in a double sense—both as Americans and Irishmen. Under the circumstances we adopt the stirring words of Michael Scanlan:

Let babblers cease to prate of peace,
God send us war we say!

Our friend Dr. O'Reilly, of St. Louis, has again been honored by one of Gladstone's sons with a letter of acknowledgment in reply to a letter from the doctor which stated that the Irish of his city are against Parnell. No Irishman in Chicago has been so "honored" up to date. Thank God for this!

The Indians fight and are fed. The Affadown Irish "keep the peace" and are starved.

THE CITIZEN has it, on good authority, that it is not true, as some satirical people have stated, that William O'Brien carries a raw onion in his pocket handkerchief when he wishes to deliver a particularly touching speech.

Those scalding tears! those scalding tears!
Too long they've fallen in vain—
Up with the banners and the spears
And let the garnered grief of years
Show steeper stuff than rain!

What's the matter with horseradish as a producer of sentimental lachrymosity?

The best thing the Irish parliamentary leaders can do is to shake hands and make up their quarrel. If they will not do this, let those who feel too bitter to be magnanimous step down and out.

The quarreling in Ireland, if long indulged in, will demoralize public sentiment on this side of the water.

If the Sioux were as numerous as our people, and inhabited Ireland, they would have made breech clouts of the English soldiers long ago. They have never been taught that it is sinful to fight for their rights.

A LETTER received from a well known Irish Catholic clergyman by his brother, also a priest, in this city, states that human beings are actually dying of hunger in the parish and district of Affadown, county Cork, Ireland. This is about the same region which was scourged so heavily by famine and typhus in 1847. Where, now, is Balfour's boasted relief measure? When the Irish people are dying of starvation, it is a bad time for Irish leaders to be fighting among themselves.

The gallant Seventh Cavalry received a terrible kick from Big Foot before he died at Wounded Knee.

A few of our little contemporaries are barking at us, because we don't believe in Irish matters as they do. God forbid we ever should!

O'GORMAN MAHON consulted his physician as to whether the state of his health would allow him to challenge Parnell to a duel. The honest doctor told him it would not. It is said that the old fighter has discharged the disciple of Esculapius.

The Hon. Joseph Medill, William K. Sullivan, and other leading journalists of Chicago think that the compulsory education law ought not to be repealed, but should be so amended as to remove any objectionable features that may exist.

The Rev. John Larkin, of New York, the very noblest member of the Catholic priesthood in that city, died recently of pneumonia. This saintly man was born in Ballinasloe, county Galway, some sixty-five years ago, and entered early into the service of God. He was intensely loved by the people of his flock, and his death has been a shock to his countrymen in the Empire City, and outside of it.

The Indians are coming back to their agencies—starved out. Gen. Miles is an able soldier, but his chief of staff, Gen. Frost, is "no slouch" either.

If the water used for drinking purposes in this city does not speedily improve, it is not unlikely that the cause of total abstinence will suffer.

PARNELL has "the dead wood" on Gladstone and Justin McCarthy in the matter of the Hawarden conference and his (Parnell's) subsequent manifesto. As things look now, O'Brien and Dillon incline toward Parnell. Mr. McCarthy's present unpleasant position as chief of a faction must be intolerable to him. He will, most likely, retire before very long. In that case he can change his name from "Just In" McCarthy to "Just Out" McCarthy.

CARTER HARRISON, Charles B. Farwell, and John M. Palmer are all in Springfield looking after the senatorial prize.

HENRY M. STANLEY cannot go back on this country. He looks like "the bald-headed eagle."

MR. WM A. TAYLOR, of the Chicago *Herald*, has been elected president of the Chicago Press Club for the ensuing year.

TIM HEALY "and others" visited Nenagh, county Tipperary, last Saturday, and made speeches attacking Parnell. The meeting was interrupted in a truly vigorous manner, and Mr. Healy's head was converted temporarily into a bass drum by an enterprising patriot, who was armed with a massive blackthorn. Timothy did not admire himself in the character of a musical instrument of "no uncertain sound."

THE Highland Association of Chicago will celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns at the Auditorium on the evening of the 21st inst.

THE latest returns give France, on a war footing, nearly four millions of soldiers! Where now is old Xerxes?

WHAT about the Irish department in the coming World's Fair? There are a few Irish people in this country, and elsewhere, still.

MISS ANNA PARNELL has broken the much to be regretted silence of years, in regard to Irish matters, by coming out in defense of her brother, with whom she does not entirely agree. Miss Parnell is an out and out avowed "rebel," like her lamented sister, Miss Fanny Parnell, and believes in getting the English out of Ireland, no matter how so long as they are driven out.

THE CITIZEN is sorry to observe two such famous and able Irishmen as MR. Ford, of the *Irish World*, and William O'Brien, of Mallow, at loggerheads. The weight of evidence, however, shows that William O'Brien was the aggressor.

THE battle of Wounded Knee may be described as a *lamentable* affair. The orthography is all right, but the pronunciation is doubtful.

THE Rev. Michael O'Brien, of Cleveland, O., has published a poem called "The Emerald Isle." It is written in a spirited and patriotic vein, and is very neatly dressed as to binding.

MR. WM. GAHAN, brother of Ald. Thomas Gahan, of this city, died at his residence on Wednesday at the early age of 35 years. He was universally esteemed, and his premature death is greatly lamented. THE CITIZEN extends its sympathy to his bereaved relatives.

MISS QUAN, daughter of Mr. William J. Quan of this city, was recently married in New York to Mr. O'Donohue, son of Mr. Joseph J. O'Donohue of that metropolis. The nuptial ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, archbishop of New York.

MR. PARNELL received a most enthusiastic welcome at the meeting of the Central Branch of the Irish National League, which was held in Dublin last Tuesday evening. He announced that the receipts since last meeting amounted to $25,000, which showed the confidence the masses of the Irish people, at home and abroad, reposed in him.

Father Hagan's Lecture.

Rev. James M. Hagan lectured at the Sodality Hall, on May street, last Monday evening, on "Catholicity in American History." The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Hundreds had come with the expectation of hearing a learned and eloquent discourse, and their expectations were more than realized. For more than one hour the young priest held his audience spellbound, as he described the explorations and hardships of the first discoverers, and depicted in graphic language the sufferings of the early missionaries. His description of Father Marquette's labors and lonely death moved his audience to tears. He was listened to with rapt attention from beginning to end, and when he closed he was greeted with storms of applause.

Innisfail Club Election.

At the regular semi-annual meeting of the Innisfail Athletic Club, held at their hall, corner of Halsted and Harrison streets, Wednesday evening, Jan 7, the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President, John R. Cooney; Vice President, Jeremiah Field; Financial Secretary, Timothy D. O Sullivan; Recording Secretary, Patrick Coghlan; Treasurer, Denis O'Leary; Sergeant at Arms, Patrick Martin; Custodian, Edmond Wall; Captain, William Martin; Vice Captain, Patrick O Leary; Delegates to Central Council, Patrick Coghlan and John R Cooney. The semi annual reports of the different officers proved the club to be in a very flourishing condition, the auditing committee's report being especially flattering from a financial standpoint, with its statement showing several hundred dollars in the treasury, although the club has been in existence but one year.

MRS. STANTON ON PARNELL.

The Celebrated American Lady Reformer Breaks a Lance in Defense of the Hounded Irish Leader.

Men are "Built in Water-Tight Compartments"—A Bold and Brilliant Indictment of English Hypocrites.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean, Jan. 11.*]

From what I hear of the blood of the Parnells I am not surprised that the recent threatenings of war of the besiegers did not move their greatest son one iota. A friend of mine (an Irishman) was telling me a few days since of an admirable act of Parnell's brave sister who recently died in America.

When Lord Spencer was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he always rode with an armed escort about Dublin. On one occasion the cavalcade came dashing down the principal street, Miss Parnell rushed out and caught Lord Spencer's horse by the bridle and upbraided the Lord Lieutenant severely for evictions then of daily occurrence and made him promise then and there that they should be stopped. It is said that his lordship turned pale and actually trembled in his saddle. The woman looked so fierce and defiant that he thought she intended to shoot him. The escort stood still in amazement.

After Miss Parnell's departure from Ireland Mr. Parnell, I am further told, seldom visited his homestead. He allows nothing to be touched in his library, where his desk is piled with letters that have never been opened, covered an inch deep with dust. He seems like a man who has passed through some great sorrow, on whom the ordinary ills of life now make but little impression. It is often the case when the very depths of a strong nature have been violently stirred, that there is ever after a seeming apathy on the surface.

There is an old saying to the effect that men always boast of the virtue of which they possess the least. It is equally true of nations. England, with all her corruptions in political and social life, with her costly established church, with its immense revenues, all untaxed and a fearful drain on the people; with her unjust wars on weaker nations, is still boastful of her high moral standard in public and private life, and even points the slow, unwavering finger of scorn at the shortcomings of all other nations. And this in the face of the terrible revelations of her corruptions made by T. W. Stead not many years ago in his "Modern Babylon."

When America was under the ban of African slavery, which Englishmen planted on her soil, a distinguished member of parliament being introduced to a Southern gentleman, a slave holder, the former deliberately put his hands behind him and bowed his head in silence. When our great and gifted preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, visited England after the trying ordeal through which he had passed, he was ostracised on several occasions by many whose public and private careers had been far more questionable than his. In England the various Christian precepts regarding charity seem to be good only for Sunday reading, for there is no gentle dealing in public life.

There are two reasons for this. The innate love of Englishmen for brutal sport is the first reason. They enjoy hearing the hounds give tongue and run the victim down. Secondly, the English have to pose as the most virtuous nation on the globe. While the most crying evils in their social life remain unrebuked, and many in high places violate the ten commandments, yet the press remains quiet until some individual matter comes with the crash and is known to other nations. Then there must be some demonstration to show how virtuous the bulk of the nation really is, so that their neighbors across the channel, whose morals have always been considered by John Bull to be most lax, may hear his pharisaical shout: "Behold! what a virtuous nation am I!"

When the recent O Shea case was decided, at first the London *Daily News* and the *Star* had leading articles in partial defense of Mr. Parnell, the *Morning Post* was silent, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* did not point unswerving in one direction, but as soon as the self-righteous part of the community, the dissenting ministers, gathered their forces together the press became more pronounced.

I know many persons connected with the moral reform movements in England. I was deeply impressed with their inconsistency during the recent Parnell-O Shea trouble. They are all people who believe that in the training of children, in educational institutions, and prison discipline, kindness should be substituted for coercion, reformation for punishment, the redeeming power of home and attraction be tried instead of the old method. Yet in this recent case they discard every one of their well grounded principles and called aloud for summary punishment that should compel Mr. Parnell to retire.

The *Pall Mall*, in a recent editorial, originated a very happy phrase, on which the London press generally rang the changes, namely, "that men are not built in water tight compartments," so that they can be sound in one part and not in another. Now this is precisely the way men are built. The greatest virtues and minor vices are bound up together. I have known men, without one particle of public spirit or one throb of patriotism, oblivious to all the duties of a citizen, and yet kind and devoted to wife a children, wholly absorbed in family selfishness; men, clear sighted and keen in all business matters, honest and honorable in trade, whose sympathies never overflowed their ledger or their garden gate; men as chaste as Diana, who would not give a farthing to a little beggar or a peck of potatoes to a starving neighbor.

Again I have known men of broad culture and sympathy in all human affairs, statesmen, soldiers, scientists, philosophers, philanthropists, unselfishly devoted to the public good, whose patriotism no one doubted, yet who were utterly incompetent and neglectful of their private business and family altars. History tells us of many men of deep religious fervor, bishops, priests, elders and deacons, who illustrated all the virtues except chastity. All this proves that such men as Mr. Parnell and Sir Charles Dilke, if all that is said of their private life be true, may still be valuable members in the halls of legislation.

There is something truly pitiful in the way men hound each other for political purposes, a contemptible policy which the uninitiated take for virtuous indignation. We need no stronger proof of Darwin's theory of our having descended from four legged ancestors than these periodical festivities over the reputation of great men.

While clamoring for Mr. Parnell's retirement, most of these people admitted that he had been a wise and able leader, through all the very same years in which he is supposed to have carried on these questionable relations with a married woman, another proof that "men are built in water tight compartments," that they can be true in certain relations and false in others.

Patriotism and chastity are virtues that belong to totally different spheres of action. Law and custom have established a different code of honor, a different code of morals for men in their dealings with each other and their dealings with women. Men are educated from boyhood to be public spirited, to cultivate the virtue of patriotism, to live or die bravely defending their country. These lessons of public faithfulness and trust are taught on every side. Hence society can boast noble patriots and brave soldiers who can be safely trusted in the hour of danger.

In men's relations with women there is as yet no code of honor. "All is fair in love and war" is the popular proverb. Respect for woman is nowhere taught, neither in the laws, the religions, nor the customs of this or any other country. In reaching the best authorities on civil and canon law our sons find no lessons of respect for their mothers and sisters. At the opening of parliament last November Mr. Woodhall (among other bills) presented one for woman suffrage, which was received with derisive laughter. Had this right been asked for apes it could not have been hailed with more scorn. These are the lessons that have destroyed all respect of most women for themselves.

The only way to establish high social morals is to elevate the status of English womanhood, and thus throw around her that barrier of protection which higher education and an equal position in the state, the church, and the home alone can give. So long as woman is left to grovel in the dust with no clear ideas of her duties to herself or the race, she will continue to drag down to her own level our greatest and worthiest sons from the most exalted positions.

Our English reformers made another false step in their recent crusade against Parnell. They see that heretofore the world has been merciless to the woman in every social scandal, and lenient to the man. So this time they adopt the opposite course. They hounded the man and petted the woman. Mr. Stead and his cohorts were the chief actors in drumming Sir Charles Dilke out of public life, and yet I am told that they have taken under their special protection the woman whose guilt was quite equal with that of the liberal statesman. It is no compliment to woman's strength and sagacity to be always regarded as the victim in these entanglements.

The dictatorial tone of these reformers knew no bounds. Actually the command went forth that Parnell must marry Mrs. O Shea. The inclinations of the two persons concerned were not considered. These good people worship the fetish of a church ceremony, so they cry aloud for a marriage that France may see how to make the past holy. But whisperings are heard that Mr. Parnell was led into the present entanglement, that Mrs. O'Shea is much older than the Irish patriot and of a very determined character, and had been most assiduous in her attentions for many years.

During all the terrible political storms through which he has passed Mr. Parnell has never had the pleasure of any woman's sympathy and encouragement except that of Mrs. O'Shea. He is a cold, reserved man, but probably not ice. The passionate devotion of that woman must have been an oasis in his barren life.

Mr. Jacob Bright, M. P., has well said in a letter to his constituents: "If a man has failed in his duty at one point, the best compensation he can make his fellow men is to be doubly diligent in another." If the world of politics were so pure and holy that only immaculate saints could enter there, there might have been some sense in excluding Mr. Parnell from its sacred precincts. But, as it is, I see no danger of Mr. Parnell demoralizing the house of commons. I, for one, hope that Mr. Parnell will continue to stand firm and that his countrymen in Ireland and America will not cease to be true to him, their well tried and faithful leader.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ANNIE GUBBINS.

Mrs. Annie Gubbins, wife of Mr. James Gubbins, of Wood street, and mother of the well-known vocalist, Miss Elizabeth Scanlan, died, after a prolonged illness, on Tuesday of last week. Mrs. Gubbins, formerly Mrs. Scanlan, was an old resident of this city. She was held in high respect, and her death is sincerely regretted not alone by her husband and children but also by innumerable friends in this city and elsewhere.

MR. PATRICK SHEA.

Mr. Patrick Shea, father of Capt. John D. Shea, of the Chicago Police department, died, on the 12th inst., at his home in the town of Palos, Cook county, Illinois. Mr. Shea was 76 years of age, and was born in the county Clare, Ireland. He had been a resident of this county for fifty-five years, and won the respect of all who knew him by a life of industry, honesty and devotion to religion. The funeral occurred on Wednesday morning from his late residence to Sag Catholic cemetery. May he rest in peace.

THE demand for the January *Arena* has been so great that a second edition was called for in less than ten days after the appearance of this number. Among the leading contributors are Alfred Russell Wallace, D.C.L., LL.D., Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Felix Oswald, Ph. D., Hamlin Garland, Moncure D. Conway, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, and Wilbur Larremore.

LIMERICK'S WELCOME

Warmly Extended to Charles Stewart Parnell at a Great Meeting Held Last Sunday.

Fully 20,000 People Present—Stirring Speeches by the Irish Leader—Other Irish Matters.

LIMERICK, Jan. 11—Fully 20 000 persons assembled here today to greet Mr. Parnell, thousands coming from all the adjoining counties. In response to addresses Mr. Parnell made a long speech. He held that Mr. Gladstone had caused the present trouble by issuing a mandatory letter demanding that the Irish members depose their leader. Referring to Mr. Gladstone's denial of the accuracy of his statements regarding the interview at Hawarden Mr. Parnell declared that he could now confirm their truth by a letter written March 18, only three months after the interview, when the matter was fresh in his mind and when even his bitterest enemy could not say he had any reason to misrepresent or suppress the truth. The letter was sent to Cecil Rhodes, premier of the Cape of Good Hope, an adherent of the cause of Home Rule. It stated that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues had been considering fully the question of the retention of the Irish members at Westminster and that Mr. Gladstone had told him that the retention of thirty three members in the imperial parliament had finally been considered best for all purposes.

Mr. Parnell here read the letter, proving that the statement he sent to Mr. Rhodes corresponded with assertions in his manifesto which Mr. Gladstone had contradicted. He then proceeded to say that Mr. Gladstone pointed to his own public declarations, but it was difficult to make anything out of these, Mr. Gladstone possessing a marvelous faculty of placing a different interpretation on any statement other than that placed upon it by opponents. Mr. O'Brien, to whom he (Parnell) had communicated an outline of the Hawarden conversation, had a remembrance absolutely identical with his own regarding Mr. Gladstone's proposal as to the number of members of parliament to be retained.

Another important fact, yet unrevealed, Mr. Parnell said, he would now publish Twenty-four hours before issuing his manifesto he saw Mr. McCarthy, to whom he told what he intended to do, and gave an outline of the statement he was preparing to issue as a manifesto. Mr. McCarthy, he had reason to know, placed his intentions before Mr. Gladstone. [Hisses] Mr. McCarthy also communicated to him Mr. Gladstone's observations upon the outline of the manifesto, and there was no reference whatever then made by Mr. Gladstone against the manifesto on the ground of breach of confidence. [Cries of "Hear! hear!"]

Touching the present position of the land question, Mr. Parnell said he thought the action of the Liberals toward the land bill proposed by the government was foolish, and that it showed that the Liberals had no general land policy.

The leaders of the party in order to conciliate the Radical section had abandoned the idea of a peasant proprietary and land purchase, and in order to conciliate the Whigs they had refused to entertain a proposal for a reduction of rents by means of amendments to the Land act of 1881 or by conferring upon the future Irish parliament the power to deal with the question. It was therefore perfectly useless for the Liberals to talk about Home Rule at all, because Home Rule, so restricted, instead of being a source of strength, prosperity, peace, and freedom for the country, would in reality be a sham, landing them in hotter water than they were in at present. Whatever might be the motives of the Irish members of parliament who opposed him it was certain that they were not in a position, by their knowledge of these affairs, to sit in judgment on him or to pretend to express the opinion of the country. It was ever to be regretted that their blind haste to obey their new leaders had impelled them to press forward to a decision in the committee room, as if the minutes were golden. Many of them must wish that they had paused at that time instead of sending misleading cable dispatches across the Atlantic. ["Hear, hear."] He wished that they had paused to await the return of Mr. O'Brien [cheers], whose advice and judgment would have been esteemed and respected by him, as it would have been compulsory for them. [Cheers] Perhaps they might soon be able to say that it was better late than never. [Cries of "Hear, hear!" and cheers.] Mr. Parnell said that he could not forecast the result of the present negotiations without a breach of confidence. He thought, however, that Mr O'Brien would not object to his saying that, so far, the negotiations had resulted in an agreement, and that they fully recognize that future steps will have to be taken by other men, upon whom a great responsibility will rest, if Mr. O'Brien and himself are not again able to resume negotiations with an assured hope of success. [Cheers] As for himself, he only asked them to believe that he had not been actuated by the contemptible and paltry motives attributed to him. As soon as the future of the Irish question was secured he would cheerfully retire from the leadership of the Irish party. [Cries of "No, no."] He should scarcely be asked to lead the party composed as it was at present. ["Hear, hear."] He believed the future would vindicate him fully, but he certainly would never seek vindication beyond the voice of the Irish people. [Cheers]

The mayor of Limerick introduced a deputation from the Limerick Amnesty Committee to Mr. Parnell, who, in reply to their address, expressed his belief in the innocence of the alleged dynamiter, John Daly, who is now in prison, and acceded to their request to bring the matter before parliament. Subsequently Mr. Parnell attended a mass meeting in the market place and made a brief address.

DUBLIN, Jan. 11—The Parnell stock has undoubtedly risen at home through the demonstration at Limerick, and concurrently with the rise is the growing belief that Mr. O'Brien will join Mr. Parnell. A great deal of astonishment was caused by the speech of Timothy Harrington, in which he charged the leaders of the McCarthyite party with immorality, and even named McCarthy himself, asking if the bishops would be a guarantee for that gentleman's morality.

BOULOGNE SUR MER, Jan. 11—Mr. Wm. O'Brien will meet Mr. Dillon at Havre, where the two leaders will hold a conference.

Mr. O'Brien denies the truth of a New York cable dispatch published in London alleging that there had been a dispute between himself and Mr. Dillon. He said: "He and I have been acting in concert all along and will continue to do so."

Mr. O'Brien added that the only thing he was at liberty to say concerning his interview with Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Sexton was that the consultation had strengthened his hope that a satisfactory conclusion would be arrived at.

Parnell Cheered in Dublin.

DUBLIN, Jan. 13—At the meeting of the National League held here today Mr. Parnell was given an enthusiastic reception. He was repeatedly greeted with cheers, and reiterated the statement that he had previously made to the effect that he had informed Mr. Justin McCarthy as to the chief features of his manifesto at least twenty-four hours before it was published.

During the course of his remarks Mr. Parnell said that conspiracy and lying were, next to billingsgate, the prominent features of his opponents' resources and arguments. He said he outlined to Mr. McCarthy what are known as the four points of his manifesto. Mr. McCarthy twice told him that he had consulted with Mr. Gladstone on these points, once when they were alone together and once in the presence of Mr. John Redmond.

According to Mr Parnell, Mr. McCarthy said: "All I can say, as I have already told you, is that Mr. Gladstone intends to deny, point blank, all your statements," "which," said Mr. Parnell, "showed that Mr. Gladstone was aware of the proposed points of the manifesto."

Mr. Parnell announced that the subscriptions of the National League funds since the last meeting exceeded £5 000, showing that the country is practically with him.

Mr. Parnell warmly urged the claims of the evicted tenants, classing them as the "soldiers of the war against landlordism."

Other Telegraphic News.

LEEDS, Jan. 13—Mr. John Redmond has authorized the Dublin *Telegraph* to state that "the night before Mr. Parnell's manifesto was handed to the press it was read by Mr. McCarthy in the presence of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Leamy, Mr. William Redmond, Mr. O'Kelly, and himself. Mr. McCarthy then informed Mr. Parnell that Mr. Gladstone said that if it was published he would immediately flatly contradict it and dispute Mr. Parnell's memory as to the Hawarden interview." Mr. Redmond adds: "My recollection of the incident is wholly inconsistent with Mr. McCarthy's denial."

BELFAST, Jan. 13—There was a stormy meeting of the Belfast branch of the National League last night, which was kept up until an early hour this morning. The cause of the excitement was a discussion on the resolutions of confidence in the majority Irish party and an indorsement of Mr. Sexton's conduct throughout the crisis, which was passed two weeks ago. They were finally rescinded last night, and a vote of confidence in Mr. Parnell was adopted by a vote of 57 to 34.

DUBLIN, Jan. 13—A Longford dispatch says that there has been a split in the National League party in that locality. A division there taken upon the question of a vote of confidence in Mr. Parnell shows that there were 150 Parnellites and 105 McCarthyites present.

PARIS, Jan. 13—The *Siecle* today announces in double leaded type that John Dillon, upon his arrival in France, will be chosen as leader of the Irish Parliamentary party.

LEEDS, Jan. 13—The *Mercury* today announces that it has learned from well informed sources that John Dillon will probably take sides with Mr. O'Brien and will, like his colleague, endeavor to play the part of a mediator. If he finds this impossible, he will join Mr. Parnell.

LONDON, Jan. 14—Justin McCarthy in a communication to the *Daily News* (Liberal), which appears today, says:

"Messrs. Parnell and Redmond have attempted to contradict me with regard to my communications with Mr. Gladstone. On that point I am not merely the best, but the only authority. I did not inform Mr. Gladstone of the contents of Mr. Parnell's manifesto. I was asked to call on Mr. Gladstone to obtain assurances with regard to Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone acquainted me with his opinions, wishes, and willingness on the subject. From what he told me I was able to express to Mr. Parnell my conviction that if his manifesto was published Mr. Gladstone would be in a position to give certain of its statements a flat contradiction. That is the whole story."

BOULOGNE SUR MER, Jan. 13.—Mr. Wm. O'Brien, speaking of the Irish situation today, said: "Our difficulties are great, but not insuperable. We are prepared for a great deal of misconception and misrepresentation in our efforts to save Ireland from the horrors of dissension. Whenever the true character of our consultations with our brother Irish members is known, some of our friends will be ashamed of their fears and suspicions and will acknowledge gratefully the consideration our colleagues and friends in Ireland and England have extended to us under trying circumstances. Their overmastering desire, like ours, is for peace and a reunion of the national forces on terms which will satisfy British friendly opinion and strengthen the good understanding between Ireland and England, while reassuring the Irish National sentiment and safeguarding the interest of our cause. Such a settlement they may rest confident we shall aim at or at none. Nobody realizing what is before Ireland, and possibly England, if this conflict continues, would be cruel enough to begrudge us Irishmen a short breathing time for sober reflection."

DUBLIN, Jan. 13—The *Express* of this city today expresses the belief that it is incredible that Mr. Gladstone did not know the contents of the Parnell manifesto. Mr. Arnold Morley, the Liberal whip, went to Paris recently, where he had an interview with Mr. Wm. O'Brien. The subject of the differences in the Irish parliamentary party and the relations of that party with the English Liberal party were thoroughly discussed, but Mr. Morley found it impossible to bring Mr. O'Brien around to his way of looking at the situation and the course to be pursued to bridge the existing difficulties between the Irish factions and the Liberals. It is said today that the McCarthyites expect that Mr. John Dillon on his return from the United States will signify his adherence to the faction of the Irish party which acknowledges Mr. Parnell as its leader.

LONDON, Jan. 13—Mr. John Morley, in a speech at New Castle tonight, said that whatever else might happen at the next general election it was certain that the dissident party would cease to exist. The situation in England was a purely personal one and as for Ireland, its future depended upon itself alone. "I am authorized to say," continued Mr. Morley, "that after reading Parnell's speech at Limerick, Gladstone maintains that he did not ask a binding assent to any proposal made at Hawarden. He naturally named to Mr. Parnell various suggestions in order to improve his knowledge of the field within which the ex-Ministers might confer with the consent of the Irish member. Neither the constabulary nor the aristocracy was mentioned at the Hawarden interview, and it was not proposed to hand the judiciary over to the British government for a decade or for any other period."

Mr. Morley denied positively that he had ever offered Mr. Parnell the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland. He ridiculed the idea that home rule was dead, and declared that it was the duty of the Liberals to forward the movement by every legitimate means in their power.

LEAD THOU ME ON.

Cardinal Newman's Hymn.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home.
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet. I do not ask to see
The distant scene.—One step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, now it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent rill.
The night is gone,
And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

July 11, 1874. JOHN H. NEWMAN.

HELPFUL WOMEN.

The Good that has Been Accomplished by the Unselfish Labors of Mrs. Jenness Miller, Miss Kate Field, Miss M. G. Anderson and Other Fair Americans.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Jan. 12—Victor Hugo and Thomas Carlyle declared that this was the Woman's Century, the latter it has always seemed to me a little grudgingly. Although these famous men, and certainly prophets in their way, have only been gone a little while comparatively, yet since their death, the cause of woman has wonderfully advanced all over the civilized world. The pessimistic, the captious, the critical, the narrow, deplore this fact. They never tell us what the women shall do who have no homes and no men to support them. Until they do, their strictures are not worth noticing.

Women are now doing a great deal for each other, and are doing it with an ability and a courage which men with all their business training have never excelled. Let us take Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller for instance. By a combination of taste, judgment, physiological knowledge and conscience, this woman has proved herself a reformer in the true sense of the word. Realizing that invalidism with her sex was owing largely to tight corsets, heavy skirts and petticoats, she set to work to invent costumes that would at once meet the demands of the hygienic and the esthetic, the graceful and the beautiful. She succeeded, and all over the world today women are learning to dress themselves healthfully and tastefully, their eyes opened to the causes of their past physical and mental suffering. Annie Jenness Miller is the best physician that women have ever had, because she has dealt directly with causes which even the most scientific medical men could not or did not dare to reach. Mrs. Miller's work has also inspired women of talent and education to find various fields of usefulness. She is very kind to women, and is always ready to answer any questions. Her address is No. 363 Fifth avenue, New York.

As an exposer of shams and frauds, Kate Field has certainly distinguished herself. Her Mormon work entitles her to the enthusiastic appreciation of the whole country. Miss Field is more impressive perhaps as a writer than a speaker, though her matter is always worthy of attention. She invariably touches the point, and if sometimes her rhetoric is more powerful than elegant, she never fails to get there, as Bardwell Slote would say, "by a large majority." Miss Field's recent explorations into the statistics of cosmetics has accomplished a world of good. Women are beginning to trace neuralgia and lassitude and twitching nerves and intermittent heart beats to the arsenic and sugar of lead—and heaven only knows what other poisons—that are used as beautifiers. Miss Field found that $63,000,000 were annually spent by the women of this country for poisonous face preparations. Sixty-two millions. Think of it.

This report, which Miss Field was not afraid to make, backed as she was by the Chicago Board of Pharmacy, began at once to have a marked effect. It not only called a halt, but it immediately inspired other bright women to gird on their armor for labor in the same vineyard, and at the same time it brought to the front, just as in the case of Mrs. Anne Jenness Miller, a woman able and brilliant enough to give women the toilet articles that they must have, thoroughly free from every poisonous substance, and not only efficacious in their way, but absolutely hygienic, and powerful as curatives. This woman is Madame Mandwell, of Brooklyn, and her success has been phenomenal. Not only is she a thorough chemist, but like Mrs. Miller she is a physiologist and has the good taste and the judgment to know that toilet articles cannot be dispensed with. Her powder is to other powder what flour is to meal, and is said to be also the best powder for babies that was ever made.

Another bright, plucky and capable little woman is Miss M. G. Anderson, the Metropolitan Guide and Shopper. This business in which she has been so successful has opened wide avenues to other women possessed of the shopping and guiding genius. Miss Anderson is somewhat younger than the other workers above mentioned, but no woman can beat her in buying a satisfactory bill of goods for out of town customers. Articles that cannot be procured in one's own town Miss Anderson always finds either in New York or Brooklyn, and because she knows how and where to purchase is the reason of her success. When Miss Anderson demonstrated to her satisfaction that Mme. Mandwell had succeeded in making a Cocosline Cream and a powder for women that were pure and efficacious, she at once became an agent for its sale to out of town clients. She has also a scalp tonic called the "Miracle," which is the result of her own use and experience, and which is thoroughly hygienic. Miss Anderson also tells all who ask just how to take care of their hair, and the work done in this line is really wonderful in its results.

The amount of work accomplished by these four women is incalculable, and yet they do it without friction and quite as effectively as any four picked and trained business men can do theirs. And they are all at work for women. Hugo and Carlyle were right. This is the Woman's Century. ELEANOR KIRK

AN APPEAL FOR AID.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF MERCY, MOUNT ST. MICHAELS, CLAREMORRIS, Ireland, Dec. 30, 1890 *Dear Sir*: Though knowing well you must have many calls on your charity, necessity urges me to appeal to you on behalf of the sick and dying poor, the old, and the infirm. On our visitation of the sick we meet with many heartrending scenes, a description of which would seem an exaggeration to any one who had not witnessed such. It is owing to the patience and resignation with which they bear sufferings and privations, that the miseries of the poor are not better known even to persons living in the neighborhood. A little contribution in money or fancy work for the bazaar, clothing, new or old, for men, women, or children, who need such, will be gratefully received. The partial failure of the potatoes has added to the usual distress. We give each day a scrap of bread to the poorest of the children attending our schools, and it is with longing eyes they watch the welcome bread basket. Assuring you that the prayers of these little ones, the poor, and those of the community, will be daily offered for you and all benefactors.

I remain sincerely in J. C.,
SISTER MARY J. DOWDALL.

CAPT. O'SHEA AND MR. PARNELL.

Some Important Letters from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

[*United Ireland, Jan. 3.*]

In reference to the statements made by Mr. Healy at Kilkenny in the present month respecting Capt. O'Shea and the elections at Liverpool in 1885 and at Galway in 1886 Capt. O'Shea has sent the following letters to the press:

SIR: Having been advised that I cannot deal with Mr. Healy in the law courts, I must appeal directly against calumny to the public sense of decency and fair play. I beg of you to help me by publishing the enclosed letters. Your obedient servant,
W. H. O'SHEA.

Dec. 27, 1890.

KNOYLE HOUSE, SALISBURY, Dec 24, 90.—*My Dear Mr O Shea:* Under the circumstances I have no hesitation in writing to you to say that I, in my then position as Whig, did my best to promote your candidature as a Liberal and a supporter of Mr. Gladstone in Mid Armagh and afterwards at Liverpool during the general election of 1885 I am, yours faithfully,
SALBRIDGE.

HIGHBURY, MOOR GREEN, BIRMINGHAM, Dec. 20, 1890—*My Dear O Shea:* I assume that you will take some notice of the brutal attack made upon you by Mr. Healy the other day at Kilkenny, although, unless I am much mistaken, you will have no legal remedy against him. His statements are entirely inconsistent with what I know of the general election of 1885 According to my recollection, Parnell neglected at first to give you any assistance, and did not, in fact, do so until he had seen letters from myself and another person, pointing out that your services in the past as intermediary between himself and the Liberal party had been of real advantage to both, and that such services would continue to be equally necessary if it was desired to maintain any kind of friendly relations between the Irish Nationalists and the Liberal party. As to Galway, I find that I wrote to you in January, 1886, to the same effect; and you have now my full authority to publish the letter, if you think it useful. I hope you will find no difficulty in getting permission to publish the letter from the other person to whom I have referred; and this correspondence ought to afford sufficient evidence that no such complicity existed, as your traducer has been base enough to insinuate. I am, yours very truly,
J. CHAMBERLAIN.

(Private)

84 PRINCE'S GARDENS, S. W., Jan. 22, 1886 *My Dear Sir*—In the present condition of Irish affairs it is more than unfortunate that you have not found a seat. Is there any chance of your standing for one of those now vacant by double election in Ireland? Surely it must be to the interest of the Irish party to keep open channels of communication with the Liberal leaders if any possible co operation is expected. It is clear that a great deal of preliminary talk must be held, and at present I doubt if any Liberal leader is in direct or indirect communication with the Irish representatives. Certainly I find myself very much in the dark as to their intentions and wishes. Cannot you get Mr. Parnell's exequator for one of the vacant seats? It is really the least he can do for you after all you have done for him. Yours very truly,
J. CHAMBERLAIN.

In relation to the foregoing, the following letter has been sent by Mr. Harrington, M. P., to the *Freeman*:

43 O'CONNELL STREET, UPPER, DUBLIN, December 29, 1890 *Dear Sir*—The correspondence published in your columns this morning recalls the attack made upon Mr. Parnell's leadership in 1886 by the same section of his followers who are at the bottom of the attack upon him today. Mr. Parnell during the Galway election in 1886 explained to his followers that he had only adopted Capt. O'Shea as candidate for Galway at the special request of Mr. Chamberlain, stating at the same time that under the circumstances he did not think he was justified in stating so publicly. Of course the statement was received with incredulity by those who did not wish to be convinced, and though the strongest confirmation was given to it immediately after the election, when Captain O'Shea followed Mr. Chamberlain out of the house of commons and refused to vote on the Home Rule bill, yet there were men among Mr. Parnell's followers who have been for years spreading calumny against him in connection with this election, and by that calumny preparing the way for the desertion of the present day.

Mr. Parnell's vindication has at last come from the hands of his enemies.

So, I believe, will his further vindication come yet. Yours faithfully,
T HARRINGTON

THE LAND OF BRITTANY.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

O Breton land, sweet sister of mine own,
I bend the knee to thee,
Where Saint Michel-en greve sublimely greets
The thunders of the sea!

I stand upon an immemorial rock,
White with the snows of Time,
That with its ever-beetling brow o'erhangs
Tall cliffs of rugged lime.

Before me, and beneath me, ocean's waves
In big battalions pass;
Behind me, lost in cloudlets, stretch broad plains
Of meadow and morass.

And there between these everlasting crags
One lone cairn lifts its head,
To whisper in my ears idyllic tales
And memories of the dead.

And while I gaze upon the pale weird skies
That weep through endless hours
O'er all thy desecrated battlements—
Thy graves and ruined towers,

I turn in mystic fancy back once more
O'er buried age and age,
And ope the treasured volume of the past,
And bend me o'er each page,

Till in the dreamy vapors on the hills
I see thy women steal
To some quaint rustic shrine to tell their beads
At vesper's holy peal—

Till on thy rugged precipices stand
Brave massive supple forms,
Whose giant souls and fearless hearts defy
The wrath of myriad storms:—

Such men as Finn, whose sinews were of oak,
Whose spirit, fanned to flame,
Wrought mighty deeds, and carved a name of gold
Upon the shaft of fame!

I see thy Ollambs, as in Innisfail,
From granite pulpits preach,
With all the melting pathos that adorns
The grand old Celtic speech;

While harp and lute keep measure with the surge,
Or with the laughing rills,
And aged bards intone loud battle hymns
That roll along the hills,

I see the dark gray Breton eye flash fire
When foemen come the way;
I see the Breton heart volcanic rise
To crush an alien's sway!

O Breton clime—romantic Breton clime—
Sweet sister of mine own,
The relics of my mother isle I find
In thee, and thee alone!

Thou hast the self-same sorrow-laden eyes,
The same sad pensive face,
The soul that loves as hers the wrecks of Time,
The self-same faultless grace.

And wherefore 'tis I pace this barren rock,
Or kneel upon the strand,
In fond and filial love caressing thee,
O wondrous Breton land!

NO OTHER CHIEF.

BY THOMAS S CLEARY.

The chieftain stood, but not alone,
For gallant men stood by him,
Whose hearts were leal, whose swords were steel,
'Gainst those who dared belie him;
He looked tow'rds Home, and o'er the foam
A voice rang clear and early—
For Come! come! come! cried the martial Drum,
We'll have no other chief but Charley!

Chorus—
We'll have no chief but Charley,
We'll have no chief but Charley,
So spread it round, each heart is sound,
We'll have no chief but Charley!

The Drum's loud note seemed glad to gloat
O'er scenes of Strength and Glory;
Then cried the Fife, "Does Ireland's Life
Belong to Whig or Tory?"
So come! it played, be not afraid,
But come here fine and early.
Aye, Come! come! come! cried the faithful Drum,
We'll have no chief but Charley!

Chorus—
We'll have no chief but Charley, etc.

The strain ye sang, the Trumpet rang,
If silent still would fire me:
My glorious blast will steady last
While Ireland's friends inspire me!
Then let them taunt, if War they want
They'll hear me call them early;
Oh, Come! come! come! cried the rattling Drum,
We'll have no chief but Charley!

Chorus—
We'll have no chief but Charley, etc.

Then did there float from the Army's throat
Acclaiming shouts to speed him,
And o'er and o'er they grimly swore
They were ready did he need 'em.
First into line stepped Seventy-nine—
A corps that fought full early—
While Fife and Drum cried Come! come! come!
And the Trumpet sang, Here's Charley!

Chorus—
We'll have no chief but Charley, etc.

The chieftain heard—his heart was stirred,
He buckled on his armor—
Gave foes one glance, then clutched his lance,
And asked, "My Land, who'd harm her?"
Then o'er the sea, with pennon free,
He's come this morning early;
While Come! come! come! cry Voice and Drum
And the Trumpet sings, Here's Charley!

Chorus—
We'll have no chief but Charley,
We'll have no chief but Charley,
So spread it round, each heart is sound,
We'll have no chief but Charley!

—*United Ireland.*

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No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

FATHER KOENIG'S TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

Would rather be without bread
BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, Marquette, Mich., Nov. 7, 1889.

The Rev. J. Kossbiel of above place writes: I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I feel now a nervous attack coming I take a dose of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

Cured entirely after 12 years!
TONAWANDA, ERIE CO., N. Y., Febr. 1889.

My daughter had fits from fright since 12 years, sometimes 3 to 4 attacks within 24 hours without any warning; during these spells her thumbs would be cramped toward the inside of her hands, her mouth be drawn sideways, her neck would swell up, and her face assumed a blueish color, this would last from 10 to 15 minutes after that she slept, was drousy for about 2 hours.—We tried many remedies without any improvement, but 6 bottles of Pastor Koenigs Nerve Tonic cured her at last; we therefore recommend this remedy to all sufferers.
JOHN EDIN.

Our **Pamphlet** for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent **free** to any address, and **poor** patients can also obtain this medicine **free** of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the
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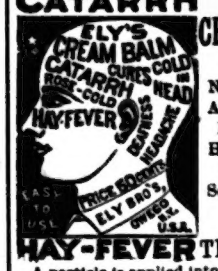

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TANNHAUSER.

Are there two kinds of love? Or is the one
A firebrand from the seething halls of hell
Hurled back across the pathway of the sun,
To set men mad with what they cannot tell?

And is the other not the only true
And blessed benison that men call love,
Cool as the summer night's refreshing dew,
Pure as the clouds upon the blue above?

Minstrel, thou hast lived for us the truth.
One is not love, our madness—a wild breath
Of flame and smoke that scars the heart of youth;
But love shall bring salvation out of death.
—W. J. Henderson in New York Times.

ELIZA'S LOVE AFFAIR.

Eliza Boerum had lived in our family for many years when I first remember her. She was tall and straight, with the flattest back I ever saw, and large, well developed limbs.

I do not suppose that any one had ever thought her pretty, but she was as tidy as a waiting maid in a comedy, and the fluting and plaiting that she wore upon her cap and apron were miraculous. As for her face, it shone with much washing, having polished spots on the cheek-bones and chin, the curve of her high and the two pr minent points of her ead. Not a hair escaped from the th, dark, tight braid at the back of head, nothing about her was ever f order.

ancy she was nearer 40 than 30 at time, but I know that Thomas , the coachman, was 40, for he o.

orty, and I'll be going on for an old lor before long," he said. "I've o look out and marry soon, haven't sus Cook?"

arriage, Mr. Thomas," said Eliza over her shoulder—she was busy with a pudding—"is a matter I haven't taken much thought of, being a spinstress myself."

"Not by no means, Missus Cook," said Thomas—"not by no means. A fine figure of a woman, with opportunities to change her condition, has no call to mention herself by that name."

"Old maids is honorable," said Eliza.

"Ay, and I've heard them say that old bachelors was abominable, by way of making a rhyme to it," said Thomas Tripp. "I'm goin' to marry. How about you?"

"I'll wait until somebody offers, and then think it over," said Eliza.

I was sitting on the window sill eating a cake, and I remember that I could see no reason why Eliza should stop her work and chase Thomas out of the kitchen with a dish towel at that moment, but he seemed to like it.

After that I used to find him there very often. They were always sitting on chairs at a great distance apart looking silly when I came in, and Eliza always thought that it would be better for my health to "go and eat my nice cake in the garden, because the kitchen was so warm."

Shortly it was known that Eliza Boerum and Thomas Tripp were engaged to be married, and would stay on in the family in their several capacities.

We were quite excited about the wedding, and the room above the coach house was furnished with comparative splendor.

It was just at this time that Selina, our somewhat venerable waitress, retired on her savings, and it was necessary to get a new girl in her place. It was Eliza who begged my mother to take Lotty Lavender.

"You see," said Eliza, "it will be such a wonderful thing for the girl to get into a good family. She's been let to run about from one place to another, and she never has a dollar left to put away. Being with young, giddy folks she follows them, but with settled people like me and Mr. Thomas she'll have no temptation. Her mother is a friend of my own, and she says only yesterday:

"'Oh, Liza, if she can have your good example I shall be truly thankful.'"

And so Lotty came to us. A pretty, peach cheeked, blue eyed creature with a belt not half a yard long, and a coquettish manner that made her very attractive to my young eyes.

In the kitchen at first it was quite charming to see Lotty taking the advice of those older and wiser than she, and going to church with Thomas and Eliza on Sunday evening; but alas! this is a changeful world.

Young as I was I soon saw that Thomas stared long and often at the new waitress and was less devotedly attentive to his Eliza. I found Eliza alone in the kitchen in a very low spirited mood, while Lotty was, I knew, talking a walk with Thomas. And one day at dessert a strange thing happened.

Lotty was just bringing in a dish of fruit, walking with unusual airiness and looking prettier than ever, when a howl was heard upon the stairs, and I saw Thomas rushing stableward with his handkerchief to his eye, and at the same instant Eliza appeared behind Lotty with her fingers extended like talons.

In a moment more the girl's cap was off, her embroidered apron in tatters, the fruit dish on the ground, the peaches and pears rolling about the floor, and Eliza disappeared down the kitchen stairs, dragging Lotty by her long, back hair.

The minister and his wife were dining with us. The situation was shocking.

"Is the girl out of her mind?" asked my father.

"Temporarily," replied mamma.

Then the minister's wife began to tell a story of a certain cook who went out of her mind and murdered the whole family, and I was very much alarmed for my own safety and that of the kitten.

Later, when we were alone, Eliza appeared before my mother, neat as usual, but with swollen eyes.

"I suppose after the exhibition I have made of myself, ma'am, I had better look for another place? It's past excuses, I know."

"It was very shocking, Eliza!" said my mother, "but I prefer that Lotty should go. I have told her so."

"Ma'am," said Eliza, "you are an angel of forgiveness, and have a feelin' heart that is not given to most ladies, but there is circumstances that—that"——

"I comprehend," said my mother. "I have spoken to your master, and Thomas Tripp is dismissed. I feel sure that he drinks, and that is always dangerous in a coachman."

At this Eliza burst into tears, sobbed: "A—a angel lady! and I'll never forgit it!" and retired.

Meanwhile I had visited Lotty in her bedroom, where she was packing her trunk. She had several long scratches on her cheeks and some of her hair had been pulled out. She spoke of Eliza as "that spitfire old maid," and threatened to "have the law of her." But I never knew of her carrying out her threat, and, shortly after, we heard that Mr. Thomas Tripp was connected with a livery stable and saw his name and that of Lotty Lavender in the column of marriage notices.

After that Eliza, as tidy as ever, but much more grim and exacting, continued to cook for us.

The coachman, John Bangs, was a plain, elderly man whose wife did the waiting. In the evening she sat with Eliza, and in their conversation betrayed serious doubts that one good woman could be found in any other kitchen of the United States—virtue being condensed in hours. Upstairs girls were generally spoken of as "them crazy things." Evidently Ann Bangs had had her own experiences in her early days, when John was younger and presumably handsomer.

All this happened when I was a very small child.

It was after I had been married two or three years that mamma came to visit me at my little country place, and shortly began to talk about Eliza Boerum.

"It is the most singular thing," she said. "Old as she is she has never gotten over her love affair. I believe she cares for Thomas Tripp yet. She must have heard some news of him lately. She is very sentimental in these latter days, and told me that sometimes the kitchen seemed 'haunted'—with Mr. Tripp's ghost, I presume. Perhaps she has too much work to do in our large family, and I should like to send her to you for a change. She is delighted with the idea."

"So am I," said I; and the thing was settled.

Very soon she came to me.

She had altered very little. Though now an undeniably elderly woman, her hair remained as black as ever, the polish on her cheek bones was as high and the frills as perfectly plaited.

She was a wonderful comfort to me, and by way of reaping the benefit of country air she took a regular walk every day after dinner, carefully guarding her skirts from the dust. One day she returned in a somewhat pensive mood.

"That long kind of building without no trees near it, what would you call it, ma'am?" she asked. "That one where there's so many old people sittin' out to air themselves mostly."

"Oh, that's the poorhouse, Eliza," I said.

"I thought as much," said she. "Well, we had all ought to be thankful we're not in it," she sighed, and went her way.

Eliza had savings and had fallen into a very good legacy from an uncle—she could have no fears of coming to want. But it was evident that the poorhouse people had touched a soft spot in her old heart.

One day she came to me with a curious look on her face.

"May I take a liberty, ma'am?" she said. "I want to make a plain cake for one of them old folks that hasn't tasted none for years—may I?"

"Of course you may, Eliza," I said.

"Law me!" said Eliza. "How Mr. Thomas Tripp used to sit and eat my plain cake Sunday teatime! Said 'twas better than other folks' pound cake, ah! —but you can't remember Thomas Tripp?"

"Oh, indeed I do," said I.

"Ah," said Eliza, "he was a fine man if he hadn't been thrown under evil influences." And that afternoon she carried her plain cake with her when she went upon her walk.

A week later, as I was in the garden picking a bouquet, the dog that followed at my heels began to growl, and some one uttered a small squeal of terror. Looking up I saw a forlorn old man with a straggling white beard and very miserable blue eyes sheltering himself in the porch of a little house where tools, ladders, flower pots and other things of the sort were stored.

"She said I could call," he said. "Missus Eliza did. Kin I go round to the kitchen, if it ain't presuming? She said I could."

"Eliza? Oh, yes," I answered, "you'll find her there." And I guessed that this was one of her proteges from the poorhouse. They had a way of dressing the unfortunate inmates of their institution which once seen could not be forgotten.

This particular figure was, however, unusually forlorn and pathetic. Probably that was the reason why Eliza had selected him as the object of her bounty.

He came regularly after that, each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Cold food was rehashed for him in tempting style. Yesterday's paper was bestowed upon him to read, and the day after Eliza received her next wages he became possessed of a new hat and some linen. I doubt if the poorhouse authorities bestowed these luxuries, and I used to see the latter hanging to dry in a secret spot behind the hedge now and then.

Eliza seldom spoke of her protege, and then alluded to him as "that there unfortinite." But he came regularly, and was gradually spruced up to a degree I should not have believed possible.

Moreover, Eliza lost her grimness and was more amiable than she had been for years. She frequently remarked that "we had ought to make allowances for everybody," and that "no one knowed how he'd act under temptation."

She had evidently taken to charitable views of humanity in her old age, and her pensioner occupied her time pleasantly. But one Sunday evening I was surprised by hearing a murmur of voices behind the hedge, at the same time detecting the odor of a pipe, and peeping through saw Eliza—our proper and particular Eliza—in her best dress, her pocket handkerchief primly held in her folded hands, sitting calm and smiling, with the arm of the old gentleman from the poorhouse around her waist. He for his part sported a blue tie and a yellow linen suit, and had in the buttonhole of his stiffly ironed coat a red geranium.

I retired astonished, and I fancy Eliza inspected my presence, for she came to me next day in a clean apron with an evident purpose in her mind. She opened the subject in these words:

"For a plain person, on in years, ma'am, would you say if you was asked that a genteel pale brown was a suitable wedding dress, with say a bonnet to match, and lace neck plaitings?"

"Decidedly," I said.

"Then I think I'll git that, ma'am," she said. "I intend to change my condition."

"For the better, I hope, Eliza," I said.

"For the better, as fur as worldly prospects goes, no, ma'am, but as fur as heart's affection counts, yes, I be," said Eliza. "Persons of matoor years knows their own minds. I've thought it over, I'm fixed in mine."

"And who is the happy man, Eliza?" I asked.

"Well, now he is happy, ma'am," Eliza responded with a chuckle. "To see him sit and eat plain cake is a sight for sore eyes."

"Is it—the—the old gentleman from the"— I faltered.

"Don't be delicate in mentioning it, ma'am," said Eliza. "The poorhouse—yes'm. Misfortunes is not faults, and ups and downs may happen to everybody. Thomas and me is going to jine hands and hearts a month from Wednesday, which is as soon as the tailor and dressmaker can be depended on. Perhaps, mum, being so young at the time, you don't recognize Thomas Tripp, your pa's late coachman, but he it is, once young and flourishing and in prosperity, now aged and misfortunate, but the same in intillects and fascinations."

"Is it possible, Eliza!" cried I. "This old gentleman from the poorhouse, Thomas Tripp?"

"Yes'm," said Eliza. "I don't deny he had writ. I knowed he wus there when I came up, and my feelings at first was fearful, but soon I saw that he was capable of fixin' up, and I began to do it."

"I've noticed the improvement," I said.

"It's great," said Eliza, "and he is that penitent! Lotty Lavender turned out as I knowed she would. Livery stable work ain't like private families. Lotty didn't get all she wanted, and her temper drove Thomas to drink. Then one day a horse run away with him and he was in hospital quite a spell, and when he come out his looks was spiled and his strength gone, and he couldn't get work, and Lotty she went back on him and run away with a man that had been hanging around her; then Thomas drank worse, of course. Lotty is dead now and better off, for she went to the bad altogether," said Eliza, "and you know what happened to Thomas; but I'm fixin' him up gradual, and we're thinking of a little shop. Thomas ain't so handsome as he was, of course, but he has improved in morals and intillects, and he has made it plain to me that he was tempted, and all along his true love was for me alone."

"To err is human, to forgive divine, Eliza," I said.

"That's beautiful," said Eliza; "I'm very fond of hymns myself, and thank ye, ma'am, for your good advice."

I was not aware of having offered any, but I did not deny the charge. Later I gave Eliza a set of china. My mother sent her some silver spoons, other wedding presents arrived, and on the Wednesday appointed Eliza removed Thomas Tripp from the poorhouse to the church and married him.

At the altar he was a marvelous specimen of gentility, in a black suit and white necktie, and he has remained so ever since. The little shop prospers. The neighbors pronounce Mr. and Mrs. Tripp the happiest couple they know, and on the whole Eliza's love affair has turned out happily, after all.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

Ignorance About Courts.

There is a surprising popular lack of information on the subject of the powers and functions of courts. It would be amusing in any ordinary company to get the ideas of most of those present on the distinctions between the courts of the United States, the state, the county and the municipality, the limitations of the civil and criminal courts, and the powers of police magistrates. It is a common thing for people to express surprise that on such brief trials police magistrates should be able to commit people to prison for months. The fact is that police magistrates have no such power, although the form of expression used in police reports, "He got six months," might well lead to such a belief. The fact is that the sentence of imprisonment in such cases is alternative with the giving of bail for good behavior. It is a common thing for people who ought to know better to sit all day in a police court, only to find at the close that the remedy they seek could only be had in a civil court.—New York Sun.

New York, N. Y., and New York, Tex.

"It is not generally known, but many of the large cities have town or post-office namesakes in Texas," said a gentleman. "This necessitates care in correspondents wishing to reach them and accustomed to writing also to parties in New York, Liverpool, London, Berlin, Chicago, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Athens, Florence, Moscow or Paris, etc., for postoffices bearing identical names exist in Texas. And every one will concede that Moscow, Tex., and the Old World's Moscow are essentially different points. Of course in this a question of postage would enter, but even in the case of New York, Tex., and New York, N. Y., where the postage cuts no figure, there lies some stretch of territory between the points."—Waco Day.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

P. G. Fred, a contractor of Lincoln, Neb., found his wife, who had eloped with another man, in a boarding house in Decatur, Ills., and induced her to return home wich him. He refused to make complaint against the man who induced her to run away.

At Tourin, Iowa, Paine & Moss, saloon partners, quarreled. Paine filled Moss' body with bullets killing him. Paine is in jail.

F. Y. Byrnes, a farmer 24 years of age, living near Mexico, Mo., cut his young wife's throat and then killed himself. Insanity is supposed to have been the cause.

A farmer named Clark, living west of Carthage, Ills., has lost thirty head of cattle by convulsive ergotism caused by eating ergotized corn or smut.

North Dakota farmers will resist the payment of $3,000,000 now owing to the harvester companies on the ground that the recently formed American Harvester company is a trust.

Frank Slavin and Charley Mitchell will begin a sparring tour in the United States in February next.

Half an ounce of Dr. Koch's lymph has been received direct from Berlin by a St. Paul physician, and will be used in the city hospital of that place on consumptives.

At Manistee, Mich., an unknown man and Lawrence Crowley, aged 13 years, were drowned in Manistee lake. They fell through holes in the ice.

Ben Ashby, employed at the Eagle Consolidated refinery at Lima, Ohio, had his right arm caught in a stave jointer and drawn into the machine up to the shoulder. The knives, which make 500 revolutions per minute, cut his arm into mince meat and inflicted injuries from which he can not recover.

John Ledbetter was taken to Toledo, Ills., on a charge of bigamy. He has a wife there, and one in Decatur.

Judgments in the case of Vine Phillips vs. E. R. Carr, administrator of the Richardson estate, was awarded at Galena, Ills., in favor of plaintiff for the $2,000 for services rendered by her for house keeper for her father.

O. F. McDonald, an employe of the Des Moines Saddlery company, dropped dead at his bench, having broken a blood-vessel during a severe fit of coughing.

A woman was found on London bridge frozen to death.

Newman Steele and his son, Howard, farmers, were killed by a Grand Trunk train ten miles east of Lapeer, Mich., while crossing the track.

L. Willson & Co., of Michigan City, Ind., have compromised with their creditors for 25 cents on the dollar, and will probably resume.

G. J. Fred, of Lincoln, Neb., reached Decatur, Ills., looking for a runaway wife. He found her with a former lover. The couple made up and went west.

While Rev. W. H. Holmes was leading in prayer at the Methodist church in South Evanston, a Chicago suburb, Tuesday evening, his little boy ran into church and told the preacher that there was a strange man in the house. Papa, however, went on praying, and when he went home found that a burglar was trying to rob him, but could find nothing worth taking.

Minister Lincoln has sailed for London.

Ezra Kellor, a collector, was robbed near Carey, Ohio, of $270 by two masked men, who also stole his horse and buggy, and escaped on a train while he was walking to town to report his loss.

Capt. Wallace, who was killed by Indians in the battle at Wounded Knee, was buried at Yorkville, S. C., his old home.

Jacob Claypool, together with twenty-two horses, was burned to death in a livery stable fire at Modesto, Cal.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland assisted at the opening of the charity ball at Philadelphia Wednesday.

Ferdinand Schleisinger, president of the Chapin mine, the largest iron ore producer in northern Michigan, and a half a dozen other mining companies has retired, and is succeeded by John Scott, president of the Iron Mountain and Escanaba railroad.

At Portland, Ore., the police seized 300 points of smuggled opium, valued at $3,000. The drug was brought from British Columbia by Northern Pacific trainmen.

The Hon. Anson S. Miller, formerly of Illinois, and a leading Republican, being a member of the first national convention of the party, died at his home at Santa Cruz, Cal.

At Tuscola, Ills., Irene Garrett left an estate valued at $250,000 nearly all to her husband's relations. Her own brothers and sisters sought to break the will, but its validity was established in the courts.

Professor Hahn, of Berlin, has opened the side of a consumptive patient who had been under treatment by the Koch method and removed from a deep cavity in one of his lungs some necrotic tissues. The case was one of long standing, but, notwithstanding, the operation was a success.

D. E. Bowman was beaten to death with a railroad coupling-pin in a thicket near San Antonio, Tex. The object was evidently robbery. Letters were found on him addressed R. H. Bowman, Boulder City, Mont.

The trial has just been concluded at Putzig, a town of Prussia, on the Gulf of Dantezig, of an emigration agent named Gehrmann, who was charged with holding out fraudulent inducements to people to get them to emigrate. The accused was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of 1,800 marks or to be imprisoned for nine months.

J. C. Connell, living in Gladstone, Henderson county, Ills., after an attack of delirium tremens attempted suicide by thrusting a pair of shears into his side and then driving them in further with some other instrument but was prevented by his wife.

Railroad Commissioner Norton, of Ohio, has recommended the passage of a law preventing railroad companies from employing telegraphers less than 21 years old who are required to handle orders or instructions in the running of trains.

The body of the English historian, Kingstake, has been cremated.

The jewelry stock of Henry J. Young, of Kankakee, Ills., was seized by the sheriff on attachments exceeding $6,000.

The twenty third annual session of the Order of Railway Conductors will be held in St. Louis in May.

The murder of Bridget Flanagan in County Clare has been traced to the Irish league.

Dr. George W. Fay, of Menasha, Wis., was thrown from a sleigh, breaking his left thigh.

In Waldo county, Tex., Mr. Una Holland and Mrs. Sands have been locked up for killing the husband of Mrs. Sands. The prisoners have made a clean breast of committing the crime.

Mrs. Peters and her daughters were robbed and burned to death in Cordele, Ga.

Col. A. F. Rockwell, U. S. A., one of Garfield's devoted attendants in the late president's last illness, lately stationed at St. Paul, Minn., has been assigned to duty at the Schuykill arsenal, Philadelphia.

Owing to the severe weather the expulsion of the Jews from their homes in the northern provinces of Russia has been suspended.

Go-So-Tonteno, minister to the United States from Japan, accompanied by his family and suite, passed through Denver on his way to Washington from Japan.

Fargo, N. D., has tendered $10,000 in cash and twenty acres of land within the city limits for the location of the Scandinavian Lutheran college of the Red River valley.

Two hundred builders hired by F. Kilpatrick, New York, have struck. He bought boycotted marble.

In the Indiana legislature Senator Boyd offered a bill to appropriate $100,000 for Indiana's exhibit at the World's fair.

The Hon. Wesley Redhead, a pioneer, died at Des Moines, Iowa, aged 66.

The churches of Carthage, Ills., have united in observing the week of prayer.

The Iowa state prohibition conference, under the auspices of national and state committees, will be held in Des Moines commencing Thursday, Jan. 22.

Herman Albrecht von Buelow, son of the ex-minister of the interior of the German empire, has taken out his first naturalization papers at St. Louis.

James O'Rourke, an insane man confined in the jail at Iron River, Mich., set fire to the building and was fatally burned.

Wheat in central Illinois is damaged by drought. The only supply of water for farmers is that obtained from artesian wells.

A. W. Thurman says the American association circuit will be Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, Louisville, and St. Louis.

George Bradley, a well-known resident of Mendota, Mich., has been married for the sixth time, and is jubilant over the event.

Jace Murphy, the colored wife murderer, was hanged at Caldwell, Tex.

Eugene V. Debs, grand secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Fireman and editor of The Firemen's Magazine, has resigned.

Warren Wheatley died at his room in the Duquoin house, at Duquoin, Ills. He was a leading Grand Army man, and was popularly known as "Old Hardshell."

An unknown person shot and killed the wife of Perry McDowell, residing on Kinto ranch, about fifteen miles south of Newman, Cal. No clew to the murder or cause of the crime.

At Solomonsville, A. T., three Indians were held to answer for forging a government check for $125. They were educated at eastern schools.

The Catholic African association has granted a large sum of money to be used by the missionaries in Africa.

The marriage of George Brooks and Miss Lottie Allen, announced to take place at Ludlow, Ills., did not occur, Brooks having failed to show up.

Three boys, aged 15, 17 and 19 years, were caught at Springfield, Mass., and confessed to having committed a series of twenty-three burglaries in and about the city.

John Dillon, M. P., sailed for France early Saturday morning to confer with Messrs. O'Brien and Parnell.

A thief entered the stable of J. L. Nicoll, of Woodburn, Ky., and stole the noted stallion Dick Weekly. The animal was valued at $5,000.

The Rev. Mr. Clarke, a colored minister of Springfield, Ohio, and his wife, who were charged with poisoning a former wife of the preacher, were released from custody, there being no evidence against them. Clarke knelt down in the court room and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving.

The jailer of the prison at Juarez, Mex., has been tortured to make him confess his supposed connection with the escape of a prisoner named Bolton.

The picture "Angelus," which has been on exhibition in this country for some time, has been shipped to Havre.

Mrs. Lydia Smith was arrested at Marion, Ills., for the murder of L. F. Cooksey at Parker City, Ills., Jan. 1.

Mrs. Sherwood was awarded damages against the C. and W. M. railroad at Grand Rapids, Mich., for $20,000, for injuries received in alighting from one of their trains.

The Baptists have broken ground for their university at Seattle.

Scarlet fever has become epidemic at Vandalia, Ills., and is on the increase. There have been twenty-five or thirty cases since the disease first made its appearance.

Fire at Grand Rapids, Mich., damaged the stock of the Grand Rapids Store and Office Furniture factory $36,000; partly insured. It was the work of an incendiary.

During the past week over 500 miners have been discharged on the Gogebec range in Michigan.

At Mendon, Ills., Charles Poling, aged 20 years, killed himself in taking a gun from a closet.

Dec. 5 an old man named Byer disappeared from his home at Kewanee, Ills. Sunday his body was found in the snow. He had committed suicide.

The remains of Peter Sullivan, who left Lima, Ohio, for Chicago, have been found in the river at Hobart, Ind. He had fallen from the train.

Mark Twain heard by telephone at his home in Hartford, Conn., a sermon preached in Elmira, N. Y., on the life of his mother.

Charley Johnson, the well-known sport, says: "If Slavin wants to fight Sullivan, and if the champion can be induced to re-enter the ring, I will back John L. against Slavin or any other man in the world for $20,000 of my own money."

Powell Clayton, Jr., of Arkansas, aged 20, was married in St. Louis to Mrs. Nellie P. Taylor, age about 35.

Catarrh Cured.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM CATARRH, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do by sending a self-addressed stamped envelop to PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE, NEW YORK, who will send you, FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing THE BEST AND SUREST REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED FOR THE CURE OF CATARRH in all its various stages. Over ONE MILLION cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. WRITE TO-DAY for this FREE recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death toils of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address, PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

LOBSTER AND COD CULTURE.

A New Departure in the Propagation of the Shellfish.

It is very probable that unless we have resort to artificial culture to replenish our lobster fisheries there will be a marked decline in Nova Scotia's output during the next few years. Already Newfoundland is ahead of us in this branch of fish culture, for under the management of Adolph Nielsen, a Norwegian expert, "the ancient colony" has taken a new departure in the propagation of cod and lobsters. In a recent article Rev. Moses Harvey writes that the fish hatchery on the shore of Trinity bay is the largest in the world for the propagation of codfish and lobsters, and capable of hatching 300,000,000 of cod and 200,000,000 lobsters in a single season.

A single mother lobster can stow away no less than 20,000 eggs, and she carries these about with her until they are ripened and hatched. The lobster trapper takes these mother fish and carries them to the factory, where they are thrown into boiling water, and of course the eggs are destroyed. The quantity of lobster ova that perish in this way is beyond all calculation, and is one great cause of depleted fisheries.

Mr. Harvey thus describes Mr. Nielsen's ingenious methods: He gets the female lobster at the factories before they are boiled, and with a sort of spoon constructed for the purpose he strips the eggs from the fibrils and returns the lobster uninjured. He takes the eggs, which are not nearly so delicate as those of the cod, and places them in the incubators, where the water is kept in constant motion.

After a time, longer or shorter according to the degree of ripeness they have reached before being removed from the mother, these ova are hatched. With some of them only two days are required; in the case of others less advanced a month or even two months may be needed to hatch them. Unlike the cod the young lobster must be fed, for it has no yolk sac to feed on when it breaks from the shell. Mussels chopped fine, with occasionally a few yolks of eggs, furnish food on which they grow rapidly, and in five or six days they have gone through their first shelling and are fit to be set free in the water to pick up their own living.

Mr. Nielsen has invented floating incubators to be placed in the water near the lobster factories which are scattered around the shores. In these incubators the eggs are placed and attended to by men properly instructed. He has 432 of these floating incubators distributed this year at thirteen different stations—thirty-six at each. They are reported to be working admirably. There would be no serious difficulty involved in making similar experiments upon our own coast, and we understand that the energetic minister of marine already has the project under consideration.—Halifax Herald.

Selling the Queen a Tombstone.

Mr. Andrews came pretty near selling the queen a sample of his marble—that would have been a great thing for him. He was telling me all about it the other day.

"O. R. Johnson, the vice consul," said he, "got me a card to the queen's drawing room in May, and I went to it attired in a court dress which I hired at a shop in Bond street. There was an awful crush, but I contrived to get pretty near the head of the procession by tipping a sixpence to the lord chancellor of the privy chamber. I bowed and kissed the queen's hand in great shape; told her I had always admired and sympathized with her—that I particularly revered her for her devotion to the memory of the departed. My words seemed to touch her deeply. She answered that it was her determination to keep that memory forever green. 'In that case,' said I, 'let me give you a pointer—buy a fifty foot slab of my verd-antique marble!'"

"What did she say to that?" I asked.

"She didn't say anything," replied Mr. Andrews, "but a rude fat man in gilt lace and a cocked hat told me to keep moving on around to the left. I'd have closed a sale if it hadn't been for him."—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

In the Cushing's Fire Room.

Very few of those who watched the torpedo boat Cushing as she took her spins around the harbor, or as she appeared in her cradle in the dry dock, realized how trying is service on board the little vessel, even in time of peace. When the Cushing is under way the temperature in the little engine room gets up to anywhere from 130 to 150 degs., and in the narrow quarters wherein the twenty-three officers and men are stowed the thermometer for hours at a time will register 100. But such things must be when you put 1,700 horse power machinery into a boat of only ninety

No Use for Any of Them.

"It's funny, isn't it?" he said to his companion, as they were riding up town on the elevated road.

"What's funny?"

"That there are two thousand seven hundred and fifty languages in the world, and not one of them is good enough for that brakeman."—Puck.

Sanitarians and health food people are sounding the note of warning against ingredients so common in our everyday cookery that we use them always as a matter of course. The first danger signal is hoisted alongside the bottle of flavoring extract with which we make tasty our cakes and puddings. These extracts all contain alcohol, say the wise ones.

HE INVENTS PUZZLES.

A MAN WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR MANY BRAIN RACKERS.

He Is a Mathematician, Chess Expert, Ventriloquist, Prestidigitator and Journalist--His Most Notable Invention Is the "Trick Donkey."

When Sancho Panza, of Don Quixote celebrity, uttered his famous benediction, "Blessed be the man that invented sleep," it was reserved for an individual of far more modern antecedents to invent something that has caused the banishment of sleep from the eyes of hundreds of his victims, who have at various times become martyrs to his inventive genius.

The person referred to is a mathematician, a chess expert, a ventriloquist, a prestidigitator and a journalist. He is also a member of the New York Press club, and has provided entertainment for hundreds of thousands of persons. His genius, however, is more especially employed in inventing puzzles, both of a mechanical and mental kind. His name is Samuel Loyd. He has during the past twenty-five years invented over 500 various problems, the names of the leading games having become famous throughout the length and breadth of the United States and even in Europe.

This gentleman is the inventor of the celebrated 14-15 puzzle, parchesi, the pony puzzle, the trick donkey puzzle, the pigs in clover and many others. He has recently copyrighted his latest invention, which he calls "blind luck," and which he pronounces to be the best of them all.

HOW HE THOUGHT OF ONE.

Mr. Loyd recently gave several interesting particulars in relation to his many games. Parchesi was invented in 1865, and the idea came about in rather a curious way. A Broadway merchant had bought a quantity of gayly tinted paper remarkably cheap, and not knowing what to do with it had suggested to the puzzle inventor that the colors might be utilized in making up an attractive game. In a few hours the various combinations of colors were deftly utilized and "parchesi" was the result.

In 1869 the "trick donkey" came to light. This was developed by accident. The inventor's father and himself were crossing from Europe in the company of a distinguished Pennsylvanian. The latter's daughter, Annie, then a little girl about 12 years old, being in need of some amusement, the inventor took a pair of scissors and a rough silhouette outline of a donkey, cut it away from the body of the paper, and left it to little Annie to put together again. With a few later improvements the puzzle assumed the form made familiar to many thousands of young people.

Although this happened twenty-five years ago the reporter saw a letter written quite recently by a New Jersey firm requesting that 140,000 copies of this puzzle be sent to them. Of the three puzzles considerably over 2,000,000 each were sold at a profit of about 100 per cent.

HIS LATEST INVENTION.

"Pigs in clover" was introduced about twenty-five years ago, under the name of "la petite bagatelle," and it had quite an extensive run. It was copyrighted, but after the expiration of the copyright some enterprising individual named it "pigs in clover," and its popularity revived.

The famous 14-15 puzzle was originally designed as an advertising medium, and some 10,000,000 were utilized for that purpose before it was sold as a game.

His latest invention is "blind luck." It has occupied the originator eight years of study, and has passed through some hundred various forms before the present one was finally selected. Its name is a peculiarly happy one, and it is the most simple looking affair it is possible to imagine. There is nothing mathematical in its appearance. The game consists in placing half a dozen little sticks upon numbers from one to six, arranged upon a horseshoe design. The numbers have the appearance of the face of dice, there being four ones and so on until four sixes are reached. The game is to try and make fifty-one or prevent your opponent from making it. Each player plays alternately.

The mystery in the game is to explain why it is that the more you look at it and study it, the greater is the certainty of your being beaten by one who plays haphazard and depends entirely upon his luck to win.

P. T. Barnum invested thousands of dollars in advertising his show through the medium of the pony puzzle and the trick donkey puzzle. So did many others, though not on the same colossal scale. There is scarcely a novelty publishing house that is not more or less familiar with this puzzle inventing genius.—New York News.

To Magnetize a Knife.

Take a pocket or table knife and lay its blade flat upon the back of a fire shovel. With a pair of tongs held firmly in the hand rub the blade vigorously and always in the same direction from point to base. Turn the blade over now and then, so that the friction may be applied to both sides. After a rubbing of from forty to fifty seconds the blade will be magnetized, and will be capable of lifting a needle with which it is placed in contact, point to point. The magnetization will last a long time. This experiment, which is not put down in works on physics, is very interesting and worthy of study.—Nature.

When Americans Eat.

The custom of early meal taking has always prevailed among the great majority of people in this country, and dinner generally constitutes the chief repast of the day. The workaday people breakfast between 5 and 7 o'clock, dine from 12 to 1 and sup from 6 to 7 in the evening. Among the wealthier classes a late breakfast is customary, followed by a light luncheon at 1 or 2 o'clock, and at 6 o'clock dinner.—Louis T. Pearle in Detroit Free Press.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J Lishepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brocken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 9 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; F J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

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Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 25th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Kielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlsauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuess, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2561 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 561 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 166 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittechmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farel, C R, 283 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 236 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 239 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanash, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 283 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Merech, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nellen, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2616 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Ehnkake, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec., 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin. Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2526 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Prell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av.; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 652 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E. O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st.; Treas., Mark Hardin, 422 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 255 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meets 3rd Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Bienely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 3736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres, John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4426 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 327 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

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SONG.

Strike me a note of sweet degrees—
Of sweet degrees,
Like those in Jewry heard of old;
Nay, love, if thou wouldst wholly please,
Hold in thy hand a harp of gold,
And touch the strings with fingers light,
But yet with strength as David might—
As David might.

Linger not long in songs of love—
In songs of love;
Nor serenades nor wanton airs
The deeper soul of music move;
Only a solemn measure bears
With rapture that shall never cease
Our spirits to the gates of peace—
The gates of peace.

So feel I when Francesca sings—
Francesca sings;
My thoughts mount upward; I am dead
To every sense of vulgar things,
And on celestial highways tread
With prophets of the olden time,
Those minstrel kings, the men sublime—
Great men sublime.
—T. W. Parsons in Atlantic.

A Sensible Precaution.

You ask me why I inquired your address when writing out the prescription for your cough. The reason will at once commend itself to every sensible mind, and is simply this: There have been cases innumerable where lives might have been saved had the number of the residence of the party for whom the prescription was put up been known to the druggist. For, as we all know, mistakes are made even in the most reliable drug stores through the carelessness of clerks. Not long ago a druggist found, on returning from supper, that a bottle of strychnine was on the counter, and asked the reason why.

The clerk replied that he had just been putting up a prescription, and was horrified when he found that he had made use of strychnine instead of some less harmful drug mentioned in the prescription. The frightened young fellow did not even know the name of the person who had come for it, or for whom it was intended, and after hours of search on the part of the distracted druggist the unfortunate victim was at last traced to his home, but too late, for the first dose had killed him. That is why I place the name of the patient both on the prescription for the druggist and on the stub left in my prescription book.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Bit of Gossip.

It is quite amusing to compare the opinions of men and women concerning the personal appearance of Mrs. Leslie Carter. Men generally agree in calling her strikingly handsome, both in figure and feature. Women consider her too tall, and declare that her mouth is altogether too large to lay any claim to beauty. This from some women who were enthusiastic over Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter. Mrs. Carter certainly has a large mouth, but she has a beautiful set of teeth. Her hair is of the golden brown which is the delight and despair of artists. That she is a woman of more intellect than either of the other actresses is discernible at a glance, and when she speaks this impression is greatly intensified. She doesn't attempt elaborate street toilets, but dresses quite simply. She therefore seldom attracts more attention from strangers than any well dressed New York society woman. This some of them can never forgive, as they consider that actresses and literary women are to be stared at and commented upon.—New York World.

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The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY
79 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Patrick Linehan, who, when last heard from, was living in Chicago, in the Stock Yard parish. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his aunt,

ELLEN CONNELL,
No. 11 Albany st., Boston, Mass.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF LUKE SINNON, ALIAS LOUIS SYNAN, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Luke Sinnon, alias Louis Synan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof. ISABELLA RYAN, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 13, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JAMES KEHOE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof. MARGARET KEHOE, Executrix of the last will and testament of James Kehoe, deceased.

Dated Chicago, January 7, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. December Term, A. D. 1890. Edward Mackey vs David Mackey. In Chancery. No. 87,740.

Notice is hereby given to the said David Mackey that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

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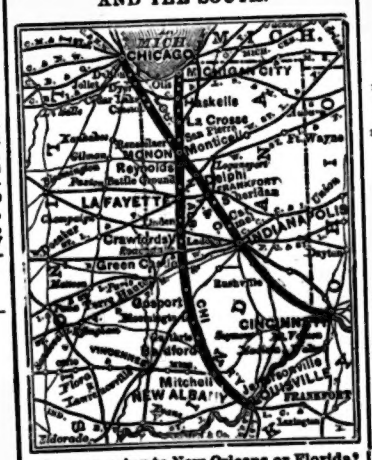

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